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offering, dance ritually to the altar for which they intend the offering. The dance is continued until the supply of offerings is exhausted.

Nor is that the end of the *pěmaksan*'s choreographic activities, for then comes the *mĕbiasa*,[1] a war dance performed by three pairs of men armed with spears. The men appear two at the time, approaching each other from the east and the west. Only after the *mĕbiasa* is ended has the time arrived for the *baris pendet* and the *baris dĕmang*.

By the time the *baris* performances are finished it is deep in the night, and the moment has come to invite the deity to take possession of one or more mediums. If this is successful there usually follow creese dances which for a while convert the peaceful bustle of the temple grounds into an orgy of wild obsession. Meanwhile the *pĕmangku* again makes offerings in the *bale pangĕnĕm*, after which offerings are also presented to the demons on the ground. The mediums go home, taking along their share of offering foods.

Thursday-Umanis and Friday-Paing are a quiet interlude, during which members of the men's and women's associations keep watch on the temple grounds.

Then on Saturday-Pon of Paang comes the *pĕnglĕbar*, or 'dispersal', the end of the festivities. In the forenoon the *pĕmangku* refreshes the flower offering, the *sĕkar*, in the *bale pĕruman*, and the gods are then assumed to be meeting together to confer on the way in which the offering has taken place. Meanwhile the women's association is again busy preparing offerings. When the sun has reached high noon a cockfight is held. In the afternoon the members of the *banjar* gather to make individual offerings, each going his own way after the ceremony.

The men's and women's associations, however, stay at their post. Then the ritual of fetching the *pĕmangku* and the mediums is repeated. The *pĕmangku* pays homage to the god in the holy water in the *bale pangĕnĕm*, and the mediums are again taken possession of by the deity. After the creese dances have been ended, offerings are once more made to gods and demons. The concluding part of the ceremony consists of placing the *sĕkar*, in which all magic

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8

Baris Pendet

The *baris pendet* association is a separate group whose members appear in the dress of a *baris* dancer, and with his attributes. *Baris*, of course, is a collective name for Balinese dances of a martial character.[6] The association consists of amateurs with a *pĕnyarikan* as their head.

The *baris pendet*, like the *baris dĕmang*, which is to be discussed below, is one of the liturgical dances of Pura Pĕmayun, as a sign of which both *baris* associations meet in the temple every full moon in the same way as the *pĕmaksan*. The meeting is used to practise and, when necessary, to discuss the performance during the coming temple anniversary. Persons joining the association are charged the small entrance fee of ten Dutch cents: the association treasury does not have to have a large balance, since properties and musical accompaniment are the responsibility of other groups. Everything having to do with clothing falls among the tasks which the women's association has voluntarily taken upon itself, while the specific headdress of the *baris* dancers is provided by the men's association. Moreover, a part of the men's association play the *sĕmar pĕgulingan*, the orchestra accompanying the *baris pendet*, and the orchestra itself is one of the temple's possessions.

Mĕpendet or *mĕmendet* means to dance to the deity and present offerings of flowers, rice wine, spirits, incense, and water to rinse the mouth and wash the hands and feet. Clad in ceremonial dress, each of the officiants holds his offering in his right hand and dances towards the altar for which the offering is intended. In some areas, for instance in Badung, young girls under the guidance of one or more older women usually perform as *pendet* dancers, but in Pura Pĕmayun men and boys also take part. According to Van der Tuuk[7] in earlier times refreshments were presented to the guests of the ruler in this same way. It is probable that the word *pendet* is related to *pundut*, the general term for serving food. The *pendet* is one of the *mayu-ayu*, a term covering

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782 the entertainment of the deity with dance performances and
535 music, the paying of homage, and the making of offerings.[8] The *mayu-ayu* to be held during a temple festival depend for a large part on the desire of the deity who makes his wishes known by means of mediums. Often whether the performance of ceremonial dances and music is customary also depends on the nature of the temple. Particularly in the villages in the Kintamani area no *gamĕlan* music is performed during ceremonies in the *pura dalĕm*.

Frequently the mediums are the best performers of *pendet* dances. There are various designations for mediums in Buleleng: women appearing as mediums are usually called *pĕrĕmas*, while male mediums are spoken of as *pĕrmade*. These mediums serve as intermediaries through whom the deities can indicate their feelings to man. Possession also finds expression in the form of the creese dances, and moreover in the *sangyang* dances, of which many variants are known. At the moment of writing Pura Pĕmayun has four mediums, the *pĕmangku* and three women. It was stated that the number of mediums has decreased down through the years. Usually the persons who manifest the inclination to function as mediums are found in the men's and women's associations, though that is not a hard and fast rule. When someone is elected by a deity to be a medium he makes an offering to the god to whom he has thus become more closely related. It is the custom also to announce the fact to the gods of the three *desa* temples and those of Pura Pĕnyĕti, Pura Made, and Pura Pĕnaung. Besides the mediums in Pura Pĕmayun there are also those who officiate in the other temples of the *banjar* of Tĕgal and in the household and family temples.

755 In earlier times the *sangyang dĕdari* was also to be found in the
535 *banjar;* this dance was performed particularly during epidemics, when closer contact with the deity is required. All the people who are more closely associated with the religious services than the ordinary public – *pĕmangkus*, the mediums, and the members of the men's and women's associations – are grouped together as *pĕrkangge batara*, 'confidants of the deity'.

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It should also be mentioned that when the deity manifests himself several words deviating from everyday parlance are used. The *klihans* of the *banjar* and of the men's and women's associations are referred to as *pěnyarikan;* the *pěmangku* is called *juru sapuh*, 'he who sweeps the temple ground', or *juru sapa*, 'he who recites the presentation formula when offerings are made'; and the *banjar* of Těgal (which, it is said, has as its full name Těgal Mělakang, 'dry plain') is always referred to as the *banjar* of Asatan (*asat*, like *těgal*, means dry).

In the *banjar* of Těgal anyone who feels called to may take part in the *pendet*. The others besides the mediums to do so are frequently members of the men's and women's associations. The persons who perform the actual dance, holding an offering in their hands, are called *pěnampa*, from the root *tampa*, 'to carry in the hand'. Also necessary are persons receiving the offerings from the *pěnampas*, who are called *pěnyawi* or *pěnampi*, that is to say one who gives something the finishing touch (*chawi*) or who receives (*tempi*).

Especially well known are the *pendet* dances in the region of Karangasěm, where they are very frequent and customarily performed *en masse*. The *desas* of Asah and Bungaya are particularly renowned for their mass *pendet* dances. In Bungaya the dance is sometimes performed by hundreds of people at the time, recruited from the *desa*, the *banjars*, and the boys' and girls' associations. The dance is performed in rows of six, the boys in the lead, the girls in the centre, and the men on the sides and at the rear, filling the whole temple grounds with the colourful spectacle of their festive dress, and all of them provided with fine, carefully prepared offerings resembling bouquets of flowers, while the background is formed by a few rows carrying tall, waving plumed stalks of sugar-cane.

In Pura Pěmayun nine men participate in the *baris pendet*, four of them as *pěnampas*, four as *pěnampis*, and one as *tělikan*. The *tělikan* is considered as having the most important rôle, and when he appears the *pěnampas* and *pěnampis* are required to squat down. The word *tělik* means 'to investigate', hence the *tělikan* is a kind of

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796 investigator, a superintendent. Whereas the *tĕlikan* does not carry
● 535 anything in his hands, the *pĕnampas* are provided with meeting
792 offerings. The costumes for the *baris pendet* are the same as those for ordinary *baris* dancers. The dance figure itself is called *chakra lilit*, 'intertwined quoit'.

The orchestra appropriate to the *baris pendet* is the *sĕmar pĕgu-*
[533 *lingan*, though nowadays a *gong chĕnik*, a 'small orchestra' consisting
534] of a *trompong*, a *saron*, a *jegog*, a *gangsa*, drums (*gupĕks*), a *kĕnong*, and cymbals (*chengcheng*), is also used. Only *gĕnding sĕsulingan*, airs in which the *sulings* or flutes can be heard, are played.

9

Baris Dĕmang

535 The *baris dĕmang*, too, is performed by its own dance group,
575 organized in the same way as the *baris pendet* association. Also in
796 this case there is a *pĕnyarikan* (sometimes called *klihan*) as head. The characters in the play consist of four *baris dĕmang*, four *baris dĕmung*, a *prĕbangsa*, and a *potet*, a comic disciple of the *prĕbangsa*.

796 The musicians in the *baris dĕmang* orchestra are also members of
534 the association. The orchestra consists of the following instru-
535 ments: a two-stringed viol (*rĕbab*), a six-slotted flute (*suling*), a
575 pair of drums (male and female), a *kĕnok*, a *kĕmpul*, and a *kechek*. The flutes may be replaced by a set of *gangsa saron*, one of them serving as *pĕngisep* and the other as *pĕngumbang;* the *gangsas* each have thirteen keys beginning with the note *dang* and ending with *dung*. Several persons serve as *jurus payas*, persons who help with the costuming and make-up. In contrast to the *baris pendet* association, the *dĕmang* association provides all its necessaries itself. For this reason the entry fee is fifty cents; further expenses are met by head levies.

796 In their book *Dance and Drama in Bali*, De Zoete and Spies give
535 a description of the *baris dĕmang* which may be quoted here:
792

> This *Baris* is only performed in one ward of Singaradja, Bandjar Tegal, and at one particular temple feast. It is danced in the manner of *Gambosh*, with the same wild, old-fashioned noise and pomp of war. In fact

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it is much more warlike in feeling than most of the ceremonial *Baris*, the participants working themselves into a frenzy of exultant exhibitionism. It is only in the *Baris Gedé* at Sanoer and in an occasional *Gamboh* that one sees a similar taunting of his army by their leader in order to arouse their martial ardour ...

Baris Demang opened with the entry of eight men in red shirts, blue and white check *saports*, over narrow trousers of a smaller check, wearing the head-dress of *Aryas* (princes) in *Gamboh*, surmounted by a high curving horn. They advanced in two files, and with shrieks and cries formed pairs, circling round each other and brandishing their short, curved swords. They swayed, leaning upon each other, and did a battle dance, jumping in the air, pirouetting, swaying, each line in a different direction, encouraging each other with throaty shouts. All were old men. Kneeling in two files at some distance from each other, they seemed to be threatening the *gamelan* wildly with their wedge-shaped wooden swords, but were only calling on the next actor to come out. A soloist, all in checks and stripes, with painted face and white head-dress, also aureoled in palm-leaf, next put in an appearance, and leaped about acrobatically, evidently the servant of an expected grandee, for he presently prostrated himself and crawled towards the place whence the characters entered, in a frenzy of subservient delight.

The next to enter was a frantic creature, also in an *Arya* head-dress, with a painted moustache, and with flowers and green leaves hanging from his ears. He and his vizir danced and dialogued in a whirling duet, with huge smiles on their faces and demonic cries on their lips. All the *Demangs* rose, and advanced swaying towards him. They roared and swayed in martial ecstasy, exchanged swords, balanced on one foot with the other knee lifted high like a *Baris* dancer, hurled animal challenges at each other in such fierce encounter that the head-dresses went flying. Their prince went among them, calming them, and they crouched wide-kneed in obeisance. But only for a moment. They were irrepressibly excited by their raja's presence, and were soon dancing with great leaps. At last he went out; they seemed to weep, and danced out after him.[9]

These notes by De Zoete and Spies may be followed by a more detailed description of the dance. The *bale paebatan* in the forecourt serves as a dressing room for the performers. As soon as everything is in readiness the orchestra strikes up the *gĕnding* or 'air' *Lengker Kadehan* as an overture. Then follows the *gĕnding Jaran Sirig Baris*, at which the *potet*, coming from the forecourt, appears in the gate to the inner court, and enters the court acting. The character of the *potet* is that of a servant and clown, and as a sign

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535 of the latter quality his face is made completely white. His cos-
536 tume includes a white headcloth in which a frangipane flower has
792 been placed above his forehead, a twig of *don intaran* at the back
796 of his head, and two long blades of young coconut leaf beside his temples. He has on a striped shirt, plaid trousers, and a loincloth with floral motifs in gold leaf imposed on a blue base.

536 The *potet* begins his monologue, which serves the purpose of
792 acquainting the public with the tale to be depicted in the dance.
796 He praises the generosity of his lord, considering himself fortunate to serve the ruler of Pajang. He has achieved such a state of contentment that he feels full before he has eaten and clad in finery even if he has nothing to cover his body. Now, however, he is uneasy, for he has been charged to inform the *dĕmangs* and the *dĕmungs*, the ruler's *pĕpatihs agung*, his chief councillors, that His Majesty is preparing to wage war against Mĕlayu. Nonetheless the *potet* realizes that it behoves him in his position to devote himself to the fulfilment of his duty – which is the reason why he is hastening to acquit himself of his task.

After the prologue is ended the *potet* goes back to the forecourt. Then the *gĕnding Batel* is played. *Batel* means 'fiery', 'hard', and the theme is the sign that the *baris* dance proper is beginning. From the gate to the inner court two *dĕmangs* and two *dĕmungs* appear, the former striding to the south side of the temple grounds and the latter to the north side. The *potet* informs the *dĕmangs* and the *dĕmungs* that they are summoned to the king's presence, and they make ready to set out. They have a presentiment of what is expected of them, and display great self-confidence. With quite some braggadocio they inquire from each other how their attitude falls short. The constant repetition of certain exclamations and vocatives has a highly suggestive effect in creating a martial atmosphere:

536 DĔMUNG: Ho, brothers, you *dĕmangs!* Let us be gone!
539 DĔMANG: As you say! As you say!
792 DĔMUNG: Do not draw back! Do not draw back!
796 DĔMANG: By no means! By no means!
DĔMUNG: What is there to criticize in us? What is there lacking in us?

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12 The prescribed offerings are described in detail by Wirz, *Totenkult*, 28 ff. I did not note whether intentional deviations were made in the nature of the offerings, but the *desa* did use almost exclusively white flowers.

13 *Cf.* De Zoete & Spies, *Dance*, Chapter XI. They deal only with the artistic aspect of the dance. What Bateson and Mead wrote about the dance (*Character*, Plate 59 [p. 172]) is closer to present practice. Early in 1949 a veritable *joged* epidemic broke out in northern Bali, to diminish only towards the end of the year. Presumably much of the tension of the war situation – which lasted until the middle of 1948 – found an outlet there. Indonesians in responsible position considered the dance as inferior and its influence on school children disastrous. Though initially the authorities made an effort to forbid it, this time they did not succeed in their endeavour.

14 Wirz, *Totenkult*, 54.

15 This connection of Jayaprana with Pulaki resulted in the origin of a completely new myth. When this connection was made for the first time, I do not know. It is, however, improbable that many people saw from the beginning how this detail would in the course of time be exploited for the glorification of Jayaprana.

16 Wirz, *Totenkult*, 57.

17 Crucq (*Bijdrage*, 65) mentions a similar ceremony performed by relatives. *Cf.* Korn, *Tnganan*, 172: *mĕsulup*.

18 Hooykaas, *Verhalen*, 15. Hooykaas places Pulaki too far to the west on Bali.

19 *Cf.* Bateson & Mead, *Character*, 3 and Plate 5, nrs 1–4.

20 *Cf.* Crucq, *Bijdrage*, 24.

21 During *suryasewana* the *pĕdanda* wears a headband made of grass. See De Kat Angelino, *Bali*, 46, Plates 39–48; *cf.* Wirz, *Totenkult*, 65 f.: a band of grass around the head after purification. The *pĕmangku* when officiating usually wears a white headcloth (*cf.* Swellengrebel, *Bali*, Plate 22). The application in Kaliangĕt, however, may be considered a modernism. *Cf.* the movement in Sangsit. Nowadays one may also see temple images adorned in this way for certain festivities.

22 Whosoever dedicates himself to death clothes himself in white. Jayaprana did so, according to the *lontars*. So also did the rulers and their retinues when they made their ceremonial suicidal sortie (*puputan*) in the face of the Dutch armies (Badung, 1906; Klungkung, 1908). This feature is also to be found in other folk tales (*e. g.* Hooykaas-van Leeuwen Boomkamp, *Gast*, 116, canto 231). But the *pĕdanda* also dresses in white for the morning ritual (De Kat Angelino, *Bali*, 42), and the *pĕmangku* likewise for the temple service.

23 Wirz, *Totenkult*, 186. For the arrangement of this procession, in which the effigies were carried, *cf.* the appendix. One finds there the complete contents of the *bale badung*, with the exception only of the less important basket work.

24 *Cf.* Korn, *Adatrecht*, 143; Berg, *Traditie*, 20.

25 *Cf. ibid.*, 24; Van der Tuuk, *Woordenboek*, IV, 237a.

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The clubs of virgins (*seka daha*) and of adolescent boys (*seka truna*), who are still untouched by the magical impurity supposed to come from sexual intercourse, are an interesting feature of Bali Aga villages not to be found among the Hindu-Balinese. In Tenganan a ceremonial meeting is held for them once a year. The virgins wear golden crowns covered with quivering flowers of beaten gold, and are dressed from the armpits to the ground in bright silk scarfs which they hold between jewelled fingers, often tipped with four-inch artificial fingernails made of solid gold. They appear dancing the *redjang*, arranged in line from the smallest baby, a year old, perhaps, to the grown girls who on past occasions have failed to obtain a husband. They dance accompanied by the *gamelan selunding*, an ancient, rarely heard orchestra that has great iron sound-plates, struck energetically by the old men of the village with oversize wooden hammers. This dance could not be more archaic and simple: standing in a double line, they fling the scarfs slowly away, first to one side, then to the other, half turning the body each time. In the long intervals between movements they stand motionless with downcast eyes until a change of position is announced by the orchestra. This is the whole dance; a slow-motion version of the stilted feminine dances of Java, giving one an unearthly feeling of suspended movement, and bearing no relation to the exuberant vitality of the Balinese dances we were accustomed to see.

Soon boys in their best clothes and wearing krisses begin to appear and form a group at the other end of the dancing-space, watching the girls. When enough boys have gathered, the music stops and the audience, mostly women, shows a lively interest. The music begins again, playing the theme for the *abuang*, a dance in which the boys express their preferences. One by one the girls step to the front to show themselves in a short posed dance with their eyes on the ground and their arms tensely outstretched. Each of the marriageable girls has her chance, but the boys are shy and at first nobody takes up the challenge. It is only after the girls have danced a second or third round that one of the

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535 boys overcomes his shyness, walks up to his favourite girl when
883 her turn comes again, and takes his place in a stately dance. If she is pleased, she will continue to dance with him until the bar

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The Abuang

of music is over, but if she dislikes the boy, she leaves the floor and goes back into line while the crowd laughs at the rejected suitor.

582 Marriage restrictions are peculiar in Tenganan; their isolation-
565 ist law allows no one to marry outside the village, and even there only within certain rules as to family and caste. There was, for instance, the daughter of the priest who was already past marriageable age, but who could not find a husband since there were no unmarried men of her class. This continual inbreeding perhaps accounts for the decadent and aristocratic type of the people. A
[684] Tenganan who marries outside the village or breaks one of their taboos is thrown out of the village; such exiles have formed a small village of their own just outside the main gate, but they are never again admitted into the mother community.

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181 permit the centralization of the artistic knowledge in a special
517 intellectual class. In old Balinese books on ethics, like the *Niti*
565 *Sastra*, it is stated that a man who is ignorant of the writings is like a man who has lost his speech, because he shall have to remain silent during the conversation of other men. Furthermore, it was a requirement for the education of every prince that he should know mythology, history, and poetry well enough; should learn painting, woodcarving, music, and the making of musical instruments; should be able to dance and to sing in Kawi, the classic language of literature. There is hardly a prince who does not possess a good number of these attributes, and those deprived of talent themselves support artists, musicians, and actors as part of their retinue. Ordinary people look upon their feudal lords as models of conduct and do not hesitate to imitate them, learning their poetry, dancing, painting, and carving in order to be like them.

Thus, not only the aristocracy can create informal beauty, but a commoner may be as finished an artist as the educated nobleman, although he may be an agriculturist, a tradesman, or even a coolie. Our host in Bali was a prince and a musician, but there [533] were others of the common class who were among the finest musicians of the neighbourhood. Of the leaders of the famous orchestras of our district, one was a coolie, another a goldsmith, and a third a chauffeur.

532 Until a few years ago the Balinese did not paint pictures or make statues without some definite purpose. It has often been stated that there are no words in the Balinese language for "art" and "artist." This is true and logical; making a beautiful offering, and carving a stone temple gate, and making a set of masks are tasks of equal æsthetic importance, and although the artist is regarded as a preferred member of the community, there is no separate class of artists, and a sculptor is simply a "carver" or a figure-maker, and the painter is a picture-maker. A dancer [535] is a *legong*, a *djanger*, and so forth — the names of the dances they perform.

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533 the gambang is not exclusively Balinese is shown by the fact that there are reliefs in the East Javanese ruin of Tjandi Panataran depicting gambangs.

THE DANCE

A FOCUS OF BALINESE LIFE

595 Next to having good orchestras, a fine group of dancers is an almost organic need for the spiritual and physical life of the community. Besides the passion they show for their music and dancing and the important part these play in the ritual, to have a skilful and famous group of dancers brings pride and social prestige to the village ward, the *bandjar*. The young men of today are 177 fond of football games, but all other attempts to introduce foreign 517 amusements have failed in Bali. The rare movie shows in the two large towns are patronized almost exclusively by the foreign population, and not even the rich princes like phonographs, although there are excellent records of Balinese music. I do not know anyone who has a radio.

535 Balinese dancing is essentially for exhibition: dancing to enter- 545 tain an audience and for display of skill, a stage of development that belongs to an advanced civilization, but that in Bali goes hand in hand with the ritual-magic dances characteristic of primitive peoples. Thus the survival of the primitive in a developed society, a characteristic of everything Balinese, shows itself in the dancing as well as in the general mode of life. In the religious dances the community amuses itself at the same time that it tries [785] to propitiate the gods and ward off evil spirits. There are even violent self-sacrificial dances in which the performers in a trance simulate self-torture with knives or walk on fire to appease the bloodthirsty evil spirits and to show their supernatural powers.

773 The Balinese attribute a divine origin to music and dancing. 535 It is said that Batara Gurú, the Supreme Teacher, invented the first instruments, and that Indra, the Lord of the Heavens, originated dancing when he created the incomparably beautiful *dedari*, the nymphs of heaven, to dance for the pleasure of the

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gods. In the *Ardjuna Wiwaha* it is mentioned that the seven principal *dedari* were made from a precious stone that was split into seven parts. Before dancing for the assembled gods, the nymphs, the legend says, walked three times around them in the usual respectful manner; the gods became lovesick, and since their dignity prevented them from turning around, Indra sprung many eyes, and Brahma developed four faces.

Balinese dancing was, perhaps, originally restricted to the ritual, but the religious dance has become more and more theatrical; characters that were once frightful demons are now tamed to perform for the amusement of the crowd. There are, however, still many purely religious or magical dances; local priests (*pemangku*, *kabayan*, and so forth) of the old communities still dance solemnly at temple feasts, in front of the altars, holding incense-burners, even going into a trance and walking in fire. Only in Bali have I seen wrinkled old women with white hair dancing to amuse the gods, splendidly unashamed of what would be normally the attribute of youth. At temple feasts they perform the *mendét* and the *redjang*, two dances mainly for "aged" women — married women — with offerings of food to the visiting deities.

Although there are dances of a purely demonstrative type that interpret the music, dancing in Bali cannot be considered as an art separate from the theatre. In fact, the arts of the theatre are so closely allied that there is no word in Balinese meaning "theatre." No Balinese would think of separating a show into its component parts or, on the other hand, think a show complete that did not contain music and dancing. They divide their theatre rather according to the style of the story, which in turn dictates its music and the style of its technique. So, for example, the stories of the *Ramayana* take the shadow, or *wayang wong* form, the historical plays are the *topeng*, and love stories the *ardja*, and so forth. The following are the most important Balinese dances and plays:

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classic technique for dramatic performances. Stories from the *Malat*, with much singing. Other plays of a similar character are the *tantrí*, *tjupak*, *basur*, and *parwa*.

ARDJA *Gamelan ardja*; flutes and percussions. The *ardja* is a modernized *gambúh* playing romantic stories like *Tjandra Lasan*, *Salya*, *Sidapaksa*, *Galolikuh*, and Chinese tales like *Sampik* and *Tuan Wei*.

BARONG LANDONG *Gamelan batél*; flutes and gongs. Giant puppets of a religious character, playing humorous stories, the adventures of an old woman (*djero lúh*) and a black giant (*djero gedé*).

DJANGER *Gamelan djanger*; flute, gong, and drums. A modern musical comedy with many foreign elements, performed by boys and girls.

KÉTJAK Large groups of men singing in chorus, moving and dancing to the rhythm of the music. Occasionally performing episodes of plays. Derived from the *sanghyang* and *djanger*.

All these forms will be described later, divided for easier recognition according to our custom under the headings of "dance," "plays," "opera," and so forth, by their most characteristic features.

Like music, dancing has developed to a standard of technical perfection that makes of it a difficult science, requiring years of special physical training and practice. Although strict rules are followed and the structure of the dance is made up entirely of traditional gestures that leave no room for improvisation or individualistic styles, there is a certain margin of freedom allowed for the dancer. Sound and gesture become one, definite movements ruled by the most rigid discipline. The excellence of a performer does not depend only on his skill, but also on his personality, his emotional intensity, and the expressiveness of his features. Only clowns (*bebanyolan*) have no special technique and no program. Personality and the spirit of surprise are expected of them.

Obviously there is Javanese influence discernible in the Balinese school of dancing, but they have drifted so far apart in spirit and in social function that they have little in common today. In Bali dancing is still a living popular art, while in Java, where

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dance of the higher order was dying until rescued in recent years by the sultans, today it is only in the high courts of the Javanese princes that fine dancing can be seen. In Java the fine dancer is a specialist attached to the court, often a prince himself; in Bali he is an ordinary villager with talent and skill who performs for the prestige of his community and for the entertainment of his neighbours. In Bali as well as in Java, it is a part of the education of a prince to dance, act, and play musical instruments, but in Bali a prince who organizes a theatrical group mingles with the common people and performs for their amusement. It is amusing to hear the Javanese and the Balinese deride each other's theatre: the Balinese think the dances of Java are meaningless, dull, and dead, but the Javanese are shocked at the "noisy" music of Bali and look upon their dancing as the product of rude and primitive peasants.

The Balinese have constantly injected new life into their theatre, in contrast to the Javanese, who, perhaps because of Mohammedan influence, have allowed the art to come to a standstill so that their acting suggests imitation of the movements of their archaic marionette shows (*wayang purwa*). The Javanese actor cannot express emotion except by the most conventional gestures, and his face remains fixed and mask-like. The Balinese act in an exactly opposite manner. They are gay, exuberant, and fond of gestures and slapstick comedy. Javanese masks are stylized, with long, sharp noses and slit eyes that eliminate all sense of the realism frowned upon by Islamism. The Balinese make masks of amazing expressiveness, often realistic in character, studies of standard types. I have seen a masked play with masterfully carved masks that were caricatures of Chinese, Arabs, and Europeans.

A theatrical group is organized by the villagers into a society along the same lines as a musical club. Contributions of money are made, instruments procured, and musicians trained. The future dancers are selected from the boys and girls of the community, taking into consideration their pleasing personal appear-

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ance, their physical fitness, and their potential talent for a particular dance. For that most typical of Balinese dances, the *legong*, for example, the little girls chosen should be from five to eight years of age, and if they can be found to look alike, it is taken for granted that they will make a very fine *legong*.

When the dancers are assembled, a teacher is called to train them. He is generally a former great dancer or an orchestra leader who knows the dance to the last detail. The most elementary routines are taught at first, and repeated until the dance has "gone into the pupil." The teacher is often assisted by his more accomplished pupils, slightly older dancers from other villages. The method of training consists in guiding the movements of the pupil, leading them energetically by the wrists until by sheer repetition the pupils acquire the "feeling" of the gesture and can do the movements by themselves. At the beginning the teacher chants the tunes, but formal rehearsals with the full orchestra are held later.

The teacher works tirelessly for weeks and months at a time and it is typical of Bali that he is not necessarily paid for his efforts. If he receives a monetary reward for his work, it is insignificant and is meant rather as expense money while in a strange community. Instead of a fee, he is lavishly feasted and treated as an honoured guest. If his home is in another village, he is lodged in the *bandjar* where he teaches and at the end of every rehearsal is presented with trays of Chinese cakes, coffee, cigarettes, and betel-nut. It is not unusual for a famous teacher like Ida Bagus Boda of Den Pasar to be called to give the finishing touches to a well-trained group. The various styles of teaching are so definite that it is not difficult for a Balinese connoisseur to guess the teacher of a given *legong*.

Physical training plays an important part in the dancer's education; while the pupil learns the elemental sequence of the dance, the basic steps, and general movements of the arms, he exercises regularly to acquire suppleness of every muscle and control over each member until his body becomes practically double-jointed.

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535 The legs, however, are used with a minimum of importance in the dance, except for locomotion, and in certain sitting dances like the *kebiyar* are not used at all. It is said that such movements [857] are possible only because of the extreme youth of the dancers. It is true that a *legong* dancer retires at twelve or thirteen, or perhaps continues in another type of dance, and that a fully grown girl is often considered too big to dance, but there are old women [888] who are fine dancers and a good *baris* performer is usually a man past middle age. A solo dance often lasts more than an hour, and even children can dance incessantly for long periods of time without showing traces of exhaustion. This resistance often amazes travellers, but the Balinese explain that the dancer is unconscious of the real work and falls into a sort of self-induced trance where only the rhythm of the dance exists, and the dancer then moves in a world where fatigue is unknown. *Legong* dancers are very popular in the community; they are looked upon as people out of the ordinary and are exempt from heavy work. They have many suitors, and a prince frequently marries a *legong* dancer as soon as she becomes of age.

545 527 535 When a society has enough money for costumes and the dancers are ready to make a public appearance, the village association, on an auspicious day, gives an inauguration festival (*malaspasin*). [545] The costumes are blessed before they can be worn for the [782] first time, and the group makes offerings to launch the new organization successfully. An actor, a dancer, or a story-teller undergoes the same ceremony by which a priest or magician adds power to his soul. In the case of a dancer the ceremony is a magic purification and beautification in which a priest with the stem of a flower inscribes magic syllables on the face, head, tongue, and members of the future dancer to make him attractive to the eyes of his public. It is not only on this occasion that dancers pray for 535 success; before every performance they make small offerings to 782 the deities of the dance, Dewa Pergina, and to the nymphs of [776] heaven, the *dedari* Supraba and Tilotama. In the temple *Mer-* [778] *tasari* in Semawang (near Sanur) there is a small stone shrine

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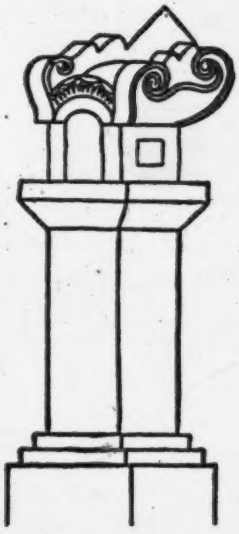
shaped like a dancing helmet (*gelunggan*), and often *legong* dancers go there to deposit offerings. Once a year, a day (*tumpak wayang*) is dedicated to the theatre, when all theatrical accessories, the costumes, masks, and marionettes as well as musical instruments, receive offerings, perhaps to restore their original



Shrine with Dancing Headdress in the Temple Mertasari in Semawang

effectiveness. On this day theatrical organizations all over the island give feasts, but no performance of any kind is permitted. There is also a day when literary manuscripts receive offerings; the day is dedicated to Saraswati, goddess of learning, science, and literature, when no one may read.

The size of the crowd is the only indication of whether a performance is successful or not. The Balinese do not applaud or show their appreciation of a performer in any other way. This seeming lack of encouragement does not influence the enthusiasm for the art, and it is my impression that the dance and the theatre of today are even more developed than in the past. Judg-

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545 ing from old reports, it seems that there are more performances, the shows are more elaborate and varied, and their are many new styles besides that of the jealously preserved classic theatre. There is hardly a village that does not have some sort of dancing organization, and even the fact that the old custom of exempting [651] actors and musicians from payment of taxes has been abolished by the Government has not diminished interest in dancing and acting. There is not even the incentive of commercial gain for the individual; the small amounts received at private festivals go to the society's fund for new costumes, new instruments, and the communal feasts.

THE LEGONG

● 535 As the archetype of the delicate and feminine, the *legong* is the finest of Balinese dances. Connoisseurs discuss the comparative excellence of various *legongs* as intensely as we discuss our dancers, and I have heard solemn arguments among princes as to whether the group of Bedulu was finer than that of Saba, or the school of Sukawati superior to that of Badung.

535 The *legong* is performed at feasts, generally in the late afternoon when the heat of the day has subsided. At the first rumour 545 that there is going to be a *legong* in the central square or, if it is at a private feast, in the middle of the street, the crowd begins to gather. Women and children come first to secure the best places, crowding around a long, rectangular space left free for the dance. The dancing-space is often decorated with a canopy of palm-leaf streamers or shaded by an awning of black, red, and white cloth, the tail of one of the giant kites. On one end of the "stage" the orchestra entertains the gradually growing crowd with preludes until it is time for the show to begin.

535 Three little dancers, with an air of infinite boredom, sit on 292 mats in front of the orchestra. They are dressed from head to foot in silk overlaid with glittering goldleaf and on their heads they wear great helmets of gold ornamented with rows of fresh frangipani blossoms. Enormous ear-plugs of gold, an inch in

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diameter, pierce their prematurely distended ear-lobes. Their melancholy little faces are heavily powdered, and they wear a white dot (*priasan*), the mark of beauty in dancers, painted be-

Legong Costume

tween the eyebrows, which are shaved and reshaped with black paint.

The rich costume of the two principal dancers, the *legongs*, consists of a wrapped skirt, a tight-sleeved vest, from which hangs a long, narrow apron, and yards of strong cloth cut in a narrow strip that binds their torsos mercilessly from the breast to the hips. This is in turn covered by another sash of gilt cloth. The

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292 tight, corset-like binding gives line to the dancers' bodies and
●535 supports their backs. The costume is completed by a stiff short vest of tooled and gilt leather worn over the shoulders, a collar set with coloured stones and little mirrors, a silver belt, and scarfs and ornaments of tooled leather hanging from each hip. The little girl who sits between the *legongs*, the *tjondong*, their attendant, is dressed in simpler clothes.

545 When a large enough crowd has assembled, the orchestra be-
535 gins the dance music and the *tjondong* gets up lazily and stands in the middle of the dancing-space. Suddenly, at an accent from the orchestra, as if pierced by an electric current, she strikes an intense pose: with her bare feet flat on the ground, her knees flexed, she begins a lively dance, moving briskly, winding in and out of a circle, with an arm rigidly outstretched, fingers tense and trembling, and her eyes staring into space. At each accent of the music the whole body of the *tjondong* jerks; she stamps her foot, which quivers faster and faster, the vibration spreading to her thigh and up her hips until the entire body shakes so violently that the flowers of her head-dress fly in all directions. The gradually growing spell breaks off unexpectedly and the girl glides with swift side-steps, first to the right, then to the left, swaying from her flexible waist while her arms break into sharp patterns at the wrists and elbows. Without stopping, she picks up two fans that lie on the mat and continues dancing with one in each hand, in an elegant winding stride.

At a cue from the music, the two other girls straighten up and begin to dance with their hands, neck, and eyes, still kneeling on the mat. Then they rise and dance with the *tjondong*, forming intricate patterns with six arms and thirty fingers until the musical theme ends. Then the *tjondong* hands a fan to each of the *legongs* and retires into the background.

The orchestra plays a more vigorous melody and the *legongs* dance again, with the open fans fluttering at such a speed that their outline is lost like the wings of a humming-bird flying suspended in space. The two dancers seem the double image of one,

[pages 226 (A) through 226 (c) appear here; text continues on page 227. – Analyst

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Movements of the Baris

[p. 226 (A)]

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Movements of the Legong

Move

[Pl. 226(B)]

ıe Legong

Movements of the Legong

[p. 226 (c)]

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so much alike are their movements, their necks snap from side to side in such perfect accord, synchronized in double time to the flashes of their eyes. The most absolute discipline controls their sharp, accurate movements. Each motion follows the last in perfect rhythmic sequence, technical perfection transformed into beauty and style. At times the music becomes playful and delicate; the two girls come together, bringing their faces close to each other and delicately "rubbing noses" (*ngarás*), following this by a flutter of the shoulders, a thrill of pleasure. This represents a love scene, a kiss, done to a special musical theme (*pengipuk*).

After a pause the orchestra plays the *Lasem* theme and the actual play begins. The story is based on an episode from the *Malat*, the Balinese *Thousand and One Nights*, in which Princess Rangkesari is stolen by the arrogant King Lasem, her despised suitor, while he is waging war against her father. Rangkesari spurns Lasem's advances even after he promises to give up the war if she will yield to him. He threatens to kill her father, but still she will not submit. Enraged, the king goes to carry out his threat, but during the battle that ensues, a blackbird flies in front of him, a bad omen, and Lasem is killed.

The dancers enact the various characters of the story that everyone in the audience knows by heart. The acting of the *legong* is abstract pantomime with such stylized action and economy of gesture that it becomes merely a danced interpretation of the literary text, which is recited by a story-teller, who chants the episodes and dialogues while the dance is in progress.

The dancer who plays Lasem enters, followed by Rangkesari (the two *legongs*). Lasem, tugging at her skirt, tries to force the princess, but she strikes him with her fan. This is repeated until Lasem grows impatient and, after a struggle, retires enraged. The princess is left alone, wiping her tears with the edge of her apron and slapping her thigh with a fan, a gesture of grief. As the girl kneels, Lasem reappears, angry and defiant, on his way to continue the war against Rangkesari's father; the closed fan

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535 545 becomes a kris which he points threateningly at his imaginary enemy. In the following episode the attendant, the *tjondong*, puts on her arms a pair of golden wings made of leather, to portray the unlucky crow; she dances sitting on the ground, fluttering her wings with lightning speed, advancing on her knees with birdlike leaps, and beating the earth with her wings. Lasem hesitates for a moment at sight of the ominous bird, but goes on with his kris drawn; the bird dashes at him, obstructing his progress and hampering him in the battle. The dramatic end of the episode is left to the imagination, and the three little girls end with a relaxed dance of farewell. The performance has lasted well over an hour and at the end the girls appear perfectly calm, unfatigued after their strenuous dance.

From the treatment of the story, conventional dance formulas to represent actions and emotions explained by a story-teller, one could deduce that the *legong* is an elaboration of the archaic shadow-plays, the *wayang kulit*. It hints at an attempt by human beings to perform dramatic stories like those played by marionettes, as is perhaps the case of the Javanese *wayang wong* — "human *wayang*" — or actors that play in the *wayang* style. It is interesting to note that while the old records speak of other forms of Balinese theatre, no mention is made of the *legong*, which may not, after all, be an ancient dance.

535 832 A very popular dance that seems related to the *legong* is the *djogéd*, performed by a girl in a variation of the *legong* costume and in the traditional *legong* steps. The dance is considered erotic by the Balinese because the girl entices the men from the audience by "making eyes" at them during the course of the dance. The man invited must dance with her in postures that represent a love game of approach and refusal (*nibing*), in which the man tries to come near enough to the girl's face to catch her perfume and feel the warmth of her skin, the Balinese form of a kiss. As the audience becomes worked up, other men "cut in" and dance with her. I have seen performances of *djogéd* that had

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an intoxicating effect on the crowd, especially in the more decadent form called *gandrung*, when it is a boy in girl's clothes who performs. Fights among the men of the audience at *gandrung* dances are not unheard of, a procedure which is extremely un-Balinese. The *djogéd* could easily be a modernized, decadent version of the ancient mating dance still to be found

in the village of Tenganan, stronghold of native tradition. There, once a year, a dance called *abuang* is performed in which the unmarried girls of the village appear dressed in their best, wearing gold flower head-dresses (reminiscent of the paper scallops that decorate the back of the *djogéd* head-dress) and meet bachelor boys who posture with the girl of their preference in a short dance in which the gestures make one think of a chaste and restrained *djogéd*. Curiously enough, the *djogéd* is forbidden in Tenganan.

But there is still another dance, undeniably of ancient origin, that is even more closely related to the *legong*: the *sanghyang dedari* (to be described later), a magic dance in which the little

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girls dressed in *legong* costumes go into trance, supposedly to be possessed by the spirits of the heavenly nymphs, to bring luck and magic protection to the village through their performance. The steps of the *sanghyang* are exactly the same as those of the *legong* and it is disconcerting and eerie that at no time have the little girls received dance training, and that when in trance they are able to perform the difficult steps that take months and even years of practice for an ordinary *legong*.

THE BARIS

An indispensable part of the ritual feasts of the old villages is the *baris gedé*, a stately war dance in which ten or twelve middle-aged warriors with their heads covered with flowers, wearing magic scarves, and carrying long spears tipped with peacock feathers, dance in double line, grimacing and striking heroic poses until the music becomes violent, when they enact a sham battle with their black and silver spears.

No dance in the world can be more manly than the *baris*. Just as the *legong* is the representative feminine dance, so the *baris* typifies the strong elegance of the male and is the source of material for all masculine dances. When the first turkey came to Bali, the Balinese inmediately named it *siap baris*, the "*baris* bird." Remaining essentially a war dance, the style of the ritual *baris* was later adapted to the performance of heroic plays in the *baris pendét*, in which individual dancers play the military heroes, using dramatic dialogues to accompany their movement.

Every well-educated prince must be able to dance the *baris* when he enters middle age, having undergone a rigorous training to obtain the necessary skill and flexibility. To be in trim to dance the *baris*, one must be able to sit on one's heels keeping the knees spread wide apart in line with the body. A good dancer of *baris*, besides a finished physical training and an expressive face, must also have a cultivated, sonorous voice. It is essential that an actor with a "fine" face, who plays youthful heroes, have a high-pitched voice, while an actor who plays "strong," rough

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Baris Gedé – Ceremonial War Dance

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characters should have a deep, resonant voice to match the qualities of his face. A good dancer of *baris*, according to Balinese standards, is rare. We never tired of watching the princes Dewa Gedé Rake of Batuan and Gusti Ngurah Regog of Tegaltamú when they acted together. [535] [826]

The music for the *baris*, played by a *gamelan gong*, consists of striking standard melodies with contrasting interludes that indicate the steps and the moods portrayed by the dancer. Every part of his body, from his toes to the tips of his fingers, is in action during the dance. Every muscle of his face is controlled at will to render the storm of passions expressed by the quick-tempered warrior; expressions of admiration and wonder at an invisible magic world all around him, surprise and rage at imaginary enemies, pleasure, tenderness, and love. But as the music grows more violent, the dancer becomes more and more tense, raising himself on his toes until he gives the impression of growing in height; his eyes seem ready to jump from their sockets, his whole body trembles, making the flowers of his headdress shake violently. So raised on his toes and with his whole body at high nervous tension, he slaps his thigh and points an accusing finger at his enemy, as with wild yells of "Wah!" "Adoh, adoh!" he draws his kris and struts aggressively towards his foe, who comes forward at the same moment; before they meet, the dancers stop defiantly, cursing each other, and when the clash comes, with tiger-like grace they perform a stylized duel to music, in which the routing of one of the characters indicates the end of the dance. [533]

The ritual *baris gedé*, *baris tumbak*, has an exorcizing character and is invariably danced at important cremations and in the feasts of the un-Javanized villages. It appears to be a native of Bali. There is a particularly magic *baris*, called *baris tekok djago*, in which the dancers are dressed in magic black and white chequered cloth (*polén*) and *gringsing* scarfs, which is prescribed for cremations in Badung; but in Sanur there is a group that dances in all-white clothes. [755] [764]

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535 292 The characteristic part of the *baris* costume is the head-dress with its high triangle of white cloth (*udeng-udengan*), worn at the back of the head, and a diadem of fresh *tjempaka* flowers in the front, set in wires and arranged in rows, ending in spirals at each side of the head. The dancer of *baris pendét* wears skin-tight trousers (*djalér*) and a little coat with tight sleeves (*kwatjl*). Over his breast a scarf (*umpal*) is tied, and from it hang many narrow strips (*lelantjar*) of cloth overlaid with goldleaf, giving the dancer the aspect of an enormous gilt cabbage. On his back he wears a kris with gold handle. The word *baris* means "in line," "military formation."

THE KEBIYAR

535 555 159 Individualism is not encouraged in the essentially communal Balinese society, but from time to time the genius of an artist breaks through the conventional mould and emerges as a powerful personal influence. Some years ago a young man of humble birth startled South Bali with a new dance which combined the rugged manliness of the heroic dances (*baris*) with the delicacy of the *legong*. Its novelty consisted in the fact that the dancer never raised himself from the ground, moving only from the waist up, giving greater emphasis to the movements of the torso, arms, and hands and focusing attention on the dancer's facial expression. In using his body like a sensitive musical instrument, the young dancer interpreted even the most delicate moods of the island's finest orchestra, the *gong* Pangkung of Tabanan. Eventually he joined the *gong* Belaluan, and his fame spread to the foreign visitors on the island. The name of Mario became as well known to the world traveller as that of Mei Lan-Fang, Shan Kar, or Escudero.

535 545 [292] At the regular weekly concerts of the Belaluan *gong* given at the hotel, Mario sat cross-legged in the centre of a square formed by the instruments of the orchestra. He was dressed in a long piece of brocade wrapped around his waist like a skirt, with one end trailing on the ground, and a sash of gilt cloth bound his torso. Jasmine and *tjempaka* flowers were stuck in his small turban, and over his left ear he wore a trembling great hibiscus

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of hammered gold mounted on springs. In his right hand he held a brocade fan. He sat there motionless, in concentrated intensity, until at a signal from the drummers the orchestra struck a sudden crashing chord. Mario straightened like a startled cobra, tense and nervous, holding the fan over his head as if to shade his eyes. The opening theme was fast and furious,

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Mario Dancing *Kebiyar*

and Mario began to dance, waving his fan energetically, darting glances from side to side as if at an imaginary enemy. The tempo increased to a frantic climax, broken suddenly by a melodious solo on the *reyong*. Mario relaxed and danced delicately, his expression softened, and his movements became languid. With half-closed eyes he swayed from left to right, his elbows almost touching the mat, fanning himself or deftly arranging the flowers on his head-dress with quivering fingers. The high keys introduced the main theme; Mario flung his train to one side and hopped on his crossed legs around the square, bobbing up and down. In a coquettish mood he paused in front of the musicians, a smile on his face and his head jerking from side to side, finally centring his attention on the leading drummer, who,

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captivated by the infectious rhythm, beat his drum, furiously swaying and shaking to Mario's movements. Throughout the dance there were sharp contrasts, changing moods that followed the music, alternating "strong" motives with amorous, playful ones, the dancer wriggling like a trained cobra, swaying in a way that recalled the dance of a praying mantis to fascinate its prey, or stiffening with commanding elegance.

We became great admirers of Mario and never missed his Friday performance. We even bought picture postcards of him which we tacked on the wall. One day a serious young man with a flower over his ear and his pink shirt-tails out came to the house to see Gusti, the orchestra leader and our host. He bowed politely and sat down to wait. After a short while I went into the house and found Gusti's old aunt trying eagerly to say something to me in Balinese, which in those days we had not learned to understand. She repeated the phrase over and over, each time pointing first to the postcard on the wall, then to the veranda, until it dawned on me that our visitor was the dancer Mario. After that we became close friends, and when he came from Tabanan he spent a good deal of his time with us. One day Mario did not come; someone said he was very ill, so we went to Tabanan and brought him to the Dutch doctor in Den Pasar. The doctor forbade him to dance and he was ordered to the hospital. Twice he ran away to Tabanan because he missed his wife and also because he would not drink milk. We went again to Tabanan and brought her along and arrangements were made so she could stay at the hospital to take care of Mario and so that he could have *bubur*, rice porridge, instead of milk. After leaving Bali we had word occasionally that he had not improved and had been sent to a specialist in Java. Mario never danced again. On our return to Bali two years later, he was still in a Surabaya hospital, and although some months later he came back, partly cured, he was unable to ever dance again and is now teaching dancing in Tabanan.

Interest in *kebiyar* waned after Mario's illness. To dance the

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kebiyar it is necessary to have what the Balinese call a "good" face, expressive and mobile, and to possess elegance, intensity and personal magnetism, besides highly finished technical training. Mario had great musical knowledge and one of his specialties was to play the *trompong* while he danced, twirling the sticks in his fingers and moving with great agility along the scale of inverted bronze bowls. The *kebiyar* was very popular during Mario's time, especially among the men. It was frequently performed as an interpretation of *kekawin*, epic poems chanted in the archaic language by expert story-tellers, while Mario translated into movement the episodes of the poems with that curious detachment of pure rhythm and abstract gesture so typically Balinese. Good dancers of *kebiyar* are rare today; of Mario's pupils, only one, I Gusti Rake, also of Tabanan, has inherited Mario's intensity and style, and he is becoming as famous as Mario once was.

THE SHADOW-PLAY

MYSTICISM AND SLAPSTICK

Perhaps poetry and the drama were born in Bali with the introduction of the great epics of the Hindus, the famous *Ramayana* and *Mahabharata*. They came by way of Java as propaganda for the ancient Hindus and as part of their religious teachings. The semi-divine protagonists of the poems, the princes Rama and Ardjuna, gods reincarnated to save the world, soon captured the popular imagination with their romantic adventures and their fantastic wars against evil. They not only became the idols, the heroes, models of conduct for the Balinese, but were accepted as the ancestors and ideal of the race.

The early religious teachers of Java rewrote the great Indian works into the local literary language, the Kawi, archaic Javanese, in which nine out of every ten words are Sanskrit. The rich and flowery Kawi is today the classical language of poetry (*kawi* means "poet") used by Balinese intellectuals, who have con-

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are romantic episodes of memorable love affairs of princes and princesses, generally full of fantastic situations and with a distinct erotic flavour. The distinguished characters speak and sing in kawi, which is translated into common Balinese by the comedians for the benefit of the unscholarly crowd. The comedy is incredibly funny and rough slapstick, sprinkled with all sorts of bawdy jokes.

Besides the traditional stories, there are popular new plays such as *Sampik* and *Tuan Wei*, adaptations of Chinese love stories that started in 1924 as bastard performances with actors in European clothes playing on mandolins. Eventually these stories became thoroughly Balinese and were incorporated in the *ardja*.

THE DJANGER

An inevitable sight for the newly arrived tourist every Saturday morning was the *djanger*. Under the hanging roots of a great *waringing*, or banyan tree, in the central square of the village, sat a dozen boys and a dozen girls in groups of six, forming a square, the girls facing the girls, the boys opposite each other; a dance master, the *daag*, sat in the centre. The boys wore blue sashes and red hibiscus over their ears; the girls had great fan-shaped head-dresses of flowers and were wrapped in gilt cloth from the armpits to the feet. The boys shouted and shook while the girls sang with baby voices, flinging their hands and flashing their eyes. After a while a girl appeared dressed as a prince, singing and posturing, quarrelling with a wild-looking bird, an actor with a frightful mask, wings, and a bright-coloured tail. The show ended with the death of the bird, shot by an arrow of the prince. Half of the tourists looked on, while the other half snapped pictures furiously. The performance was picturesque and justified the fee, but somehow it did not ring true. Despite the fact that the elaborate show was held on the open road, it attracted only a few children, and the dancers seemed bored and indifferent.

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●535 545 883 On our first night in Bali, strolling on the outskirts of Den Pasar, we heard again the same syncopated, persistent beat of drums and gongs we had heard in the morning. Following the sound, we came upon a great crowd watching a show, and after a good deal of pushing, we managed to make our way to the front rows. There were the dancers of the morning, but it was the *djanger* for the Balinese. Instead of tourists comfortably seated on folding chairs, the nude torsos of a great mob of eager people pressed us on all sides until we could not move a hand and were nearly suffocated by the constant blast of human breath, overpowered with heat and the heavy perfumes that emanated from the dense crowd. Children climbed on walls and trees or crawled over our feet, trying desperately to see something. Instead of the "traditional" costume worn for [292] tourists, the girls wore tight chiffon blouses, their flower crowns [177] framing their heavily powdered faces. The boys were dressed in European shirts, neckties, shorts, golf socks, and football shoes. Over their shoulders they wore a sort of chasuble of black velvet with appliqués of gold braid, spangles, and epaulets of gold fringe. They had red flowers on their bare heads and incongruous false moustaches on their chalky faces. Only the dance master wore the usual theatrical costume of brocade, but with an added shirt and bow tie. Like the others he wore a huge moustache.

We never discovered the purpose behind the absurd costume; perhaps it was only fun, perhaps to caricature Europeans. But the insanity of the costume was surpassed by that of the performance: to the serpentine melody of a bamboo flute and the [533] syncopated beat of drums and gongs, the girls sang nonsensical songs about flowers, rice cakes, and so forth, many words without meaning, simply to create rhythm: "djange – djange – djangerere . . ." while their hands flew, the flowers on their head shook, and their eyes snapped in unison with their necks. The boys, the *ketjak*, swayed and shook, shouting: "Ketjakketjakketjak – tjak! tjipo – *oh!* tjipo – *oh!* a-ha-aha!" much in the

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manner of a college yell, but growing faster and faster, underlining the tempo of the gongs and drums. The dance master darted wild glances in all directions with gestures of anger and astonishment, moving like a frantic automaton. The whole moved with the rhythm of a locomotive at full speed — Balinese jazz that intoxicated both performers and audience in a spell of

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Ketjaks in a *Djanger* Performance

syncopated movement. At calmer moments two girls stepped out of the ranks and danced around the dance master, who registered amazement when the girls made love to him. Then the most incongruous nonsense ensued: like a flash, the *ketjaks* jumped to their feet in acrobatic poses, athletic pyramids, a boy in a back-bend while another stood on his chest. They climbed on each other's shoulders, shaking and shouting. Suddenly the dance master whirled on his seat as if he could not stand it any longer, and yelled: "*Daaag!*" The whole show stopped dead. After a pause the play began, an *ardja* story with the usual princes, prime ministers, and clowns.

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535 545 177 Later I found out that the *djanger* was a recent development. It had started suddenly, when, about 1925, the first company of Malay operettas (*stambul*) visited the island. The Balinese immediately created their own version of the pantomime, and the *djanger* spread like an epidemic; everywhere *djanger* groups were formed and soon every *bandjar* could boast a *djanger* club. It was the first time that boys and girls joined to dance for the fun of performing together, their first social dance. Every district developed its own style. In Buleleng there was a group in which the girls wore shorts, showing their legs, a rather shocking exhibition for the Balinese, who called it *djanger melalong*, the "naked djanger," but it was popular among the rich Chinese of Buleleng. The *djanger* was then the most popular entertainment. Nobody cared to see anything else and every girl in Bali hoped to become a *djanger* and hummed the songs all day. We feared that the *djanger* would kill other forms of Balinese dancing, but on our return two years later, we were surprised to find that there was no more *djanger*; all the famous groups had stopped. Some of the girls had married, and since there was no more demand, the groups were not reorganized. The most exhilarating show of the Balinese was dead and forgotten. Only a sleepy group remained: the *djanger* for the tourists, still avidly photographing what they called "temple dancers."

536 177 545 With the passing of the *djanger*, the classical forms of theatre regained popularity, and during our second visit it was the *ardja* that had again become the favourite. The style of the *djanger* was a puzzling departure from the refinement of the Balinese theatre. The singing was obviously derived from the magic *sanghyang* songs, and the costumes and acrobatic figures might have been copied from the Westernized Malay shows, but the general mood, the seating arrangements, and the movements can only be explained as a throw-back to the Polynesian spirit.

177 517 The case of the *djanger* was an interesting example of the attitude of the Balinese towards their arts: their love of novelty and

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396 sardines, dressed in fancy costumes, many young men in absurd
[292] versions of European clothes, the girls wearing their brightest
[494] silks and their best gold flowers in their hair. After visiting the
[883] village temple the gay groups went to the many feasts held on this and the following days all over the island. At this time the peculiar monsters called *barong* — a great fleece of long hair with a mask and gilt ornaments, animated by two men — were "loose" and free to go wherever they pleased. Everywhere on the road one met the cavorting holy *barongs*, who had become foolish for the day, dancing down the roads and paths, followed breathlessly by their orchestras and attendants.

796 In the temple of Gelgel, the former capital, there was a great feast where plays were given and violent "kris dances" were
[781] staged — when crazed men in a trance pretended to stab themselves and tore live chickens with their teeth to show their wickedness; but a more serene feast was celebrated in the jungle temple near the summit of the Batukau. There the mountain
[782] people brought offerings to the Batukau spirit while the Elders
[535] prepared the banquet in the spring underneath giant tree-ferns; performing afterwards a majestic *baris* dance, each dressed in black and white magic cloth, mimicking a stately battle with their long spears.

Ten days after *galunggan* came the day *kuninggan*, when new offerings and new *lamaks* were made and coconut husks were burned in front of every gate. This was the date of the temple feast of *Tirta Empul*, the sacred baths near Tampaksiring, and
[515] all morning people bathed unashamed in the purifying waters,
[783] men on one side, women on the other, after leaving an offering for the deity of the spring. They turned their backs on the crowd, unconcerned under the spouts, each of which is supposed to have a special purifying or curative quality. Eventually the local prince arrived with his wives and with an impressive retinue of servants. Also the *barongs* of the district came prancing down the hills to offer their respects and snap their jaws
[781] while a *pemangku* offered their prayers, manifesting their tem-

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ABOVE: The *Sanghyang* is about to start
BELOW: Three Old Women performing the *Mendét*

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THE SANGHYANG

Towards the end of the Balinese year, during the last months of the rainy season, epidemics of malaria and tropical fevers make their appearance because evil spirits and *leyaks* are in the ascendancy; then even the earth is said to be sick. It is believed that the fanged demon living on the little island of Nusa Penida, Djeró Gedé Metjaling, comes to Bali then in the form of a fiery ball that, upon coming ashore, explodes into a thousand sparks that spread in all directions. As their glow dies, they release evil forces that go to spread illness and misfortune. This is a propitious time for *leyaks* to prey on human beings; because of the predominance of evil forces, the village is then magically weakened. The dogs gather at the crossroads and howl all night and the owls hoot, predicting deaths in the village. Quantities of offerings are made to placate the devils, and the benign spirits are implored to come down to earth, through the body of a medium, to advise and protect the distressed community.

A performance of *sanghyang dedari* (see page 357) is one of the most effective exorcisms; two little girls, trained to go into a trance, are chosen from all the girls of the village for their psychic aptitudes by the temple priest, the *pemangku*, to receive in their bodies the spirits of the heavenly nymphs, the beautiful *dedari* Supraba and Blue Lotus (Tundjung Birú). Choruses of men and women are formed and the training begins. Every night, for weeks, they all go to the temple, where the women sing traditional songs while the men chant strange rhythms and harmonies made up of meaningless syllables, producing a syncopated accompaniment for the dance that the little girls, the *sanghyangs*, will perform. By degrees the little girls become more and more subject to the ecstasy produced by the intoxicating songs, by the incense, and by the hypnotic power of the *pemangku*. The training goes on until the girls are able to fall into a deep trance, and a formal performance can be given. It is extraordinary that although the little girls have never received

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dancing lessons, once in a trance they are able to dance in any style, all of which would require ordinary dancers months and years of training to learn. But the Balinese ask how it could be otherwise, since it is the goddesses who dance in the bodies of the little girls.

When the girls are ready, they are taken to the death temple, where a *sanggar agung*, a high altar, has been erected, filled with offerings for the sun. The *pemangku* sits facing the altar in front of a brazier where incense of three sorts is burned. The little girls wear ear-plugs of gold, heavy silver anklets, bracelets, and rings. Their hair is loose and they are dressed in white skirts. They kneel in front of the altar on each side of the priest. The women singers sit in a circle around them, while the men remain in a group in the back. Their jewellery is removed and is put in a bowl of water; small incense braziers are placed in front of each girl. After a short prayer by the priest the women sing:

Fragrant is the smoke of the incense, the smoke of the sandalwood, the smoke that coils and coils upwards towards the home of the three gods.

We are cleansed to call the nymphs to descend from heaven.

We ask Supraba and Tundjung Birú to come down to us, beautiful in their bodices of gold.

Flying down from heaven, they fly in spirals, fly down from the North-East, where they build their home.

Their garden is filled with golden flowers that grow side by side with the pandanus, the scorpion orchids, the *tigakantjú*, pineapples, *solí* and *sempol*, their tender leaves gracefully drooping; drooping they spread their perfume through the garden.

Our thoughts shall rise like smoke towards the *dedari*, who will descend from heaven. . . . (See Note 3, page 357, for the Balinese text.)

Soon the girls begin to drowse and fall in a sudden faint. The women support their limp bodies in a sitting-position, and after a while the girls begin to move again, as if suffering intense

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539 tillate, scintillate and fade away, fade away and disappear, disappear,
755 disappear because of the moonlight.
787 *Lengkik, lengkik, lengkik,* says the plaintive song of the lonely
796 dasih bird that was left behind. Oh, how he cries! He cries, cries like the cry of a child who must be amused, amused by the dancing of the *dedaris. Lengkik, lengkik,* swing and sway in ecstasy. . . .

755 The *sanghyangs* may suddenly decide to go to another temple
787 or tour the village, chasing the *leyaks*, followed by the singing
796 men and women. The *sanghyangs* must not touch the impure
482 ground outside the temple and are carried everywhere on the shoulders of men. They stop at a second temple, where a pile of coconut shells burns in the centre of the court. The *sanghyangs* dance unconcerned in and out of the fire, scattering the glowing coals in all directions with their bare feet. They may even decide to take a bath of fire, picking up the coals in both hands and pouring them over themselves.

When the fire is extinguished, the girls climb onto the shoul-
[535] ders of two men who walk around the courtyard, the girls' prehensile feet clutching the men's shoulders, balancing themselves and dancing gracefully from the waist up, bending back at incredible angles. In this manner they give the illusion of gliding through the air. The temperamental girls may suddenly decide that the dance is over. Then they must be taken out of the trance with more songs; and the *sanghyangs* become ordinary girls again, they distribute the flowers from their headdresses as amulets and sprinkle the crowd with holy water:

539 Beautiful goddess stand up, goddess, stand up. The singers have
755 come and are singing the *sanghyang.*
796 Come, goddess, goddess, we ask of the nymphs to come to us for a while and go around, go around.

Oh, beautiful goddess! take the holy water from the altar, the holy, the clear, the immaculate water with frangipani, white *maduri*, white hibiscus and blue *teleng*. The water in the gold coconut, the liberating water, the water made in heaven.

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THE WITCH-DOCTORS, MAGIC, AND MEDICINE

There were two medicine-men, two *balians* among the friends that often visited us. One of these was a learned, serious, middle-aged man who practised medicine and was progressive enough to adopt some Western medicines like quinine tablets for malaria, to which, however, he added Balinese magic by reciting formulas over them. He liked to discuss the methods of foreigners and often came to us to ask for medicines. The other *balian* was the extreme reverse; he enjoyed the terrifying reputation of teacher and chief of bands of *leyaks*, and our friends had warned us in whispers that many of the old women of our *leyak*-ridden neighbourhood were his pupils; nobody had the slightest doubt of his great magical powers. His appearance was as demoniac as his reputation: enormous fingernails on knotty long fingers, half-extinguished little eyes burning still with a wicked gleam, and a great, bloody cave for a mouth, entirely toothless and always crimson with betel juice. He dressed smartly in a blue silk *saput*, and his gestures showed a rather studied elegance. He was gay and solicitous, but he loved to appear mysterious at times.

Our two friends belonged to the two arch-types of Balinese *balians*. One was the inspired mystic who works through fits of temperament and trances to fight the evil forces and who by his inherent *saktí* is able to dominate the supernatural spirits. Shamanism is his medium; he can see "far away" by going into a trance and looking into a mirror or a container with water. Through his self-induced trances he comes in contact with his assisting spirit, perhaps his father's, a former great *balian*, whose reputation establishes the prestige enjoyed by the son; thus possessed by his assisting spirit, he is able to go into the spirit world and fight the wrongdoer. During the trances the *balian* growls and mumbles monologues similar to those in plays, in which he relates his adventures in Hades. Often he dances entranced, elegant versions of duels with malignant spirits. I was told that such a *balian* can see a guilt in the eyes of a boy or a

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ABOVE: Mendet in Sayan, an offering dance of the married women

BELOW: Noble girls of Gelgel making their prayers with flowers

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An experienced *legong* dancer from Kapal comes to train a young *legong* of Belaluan

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Legong dancer wearing a headdress of beaten gold and frangipani flowers

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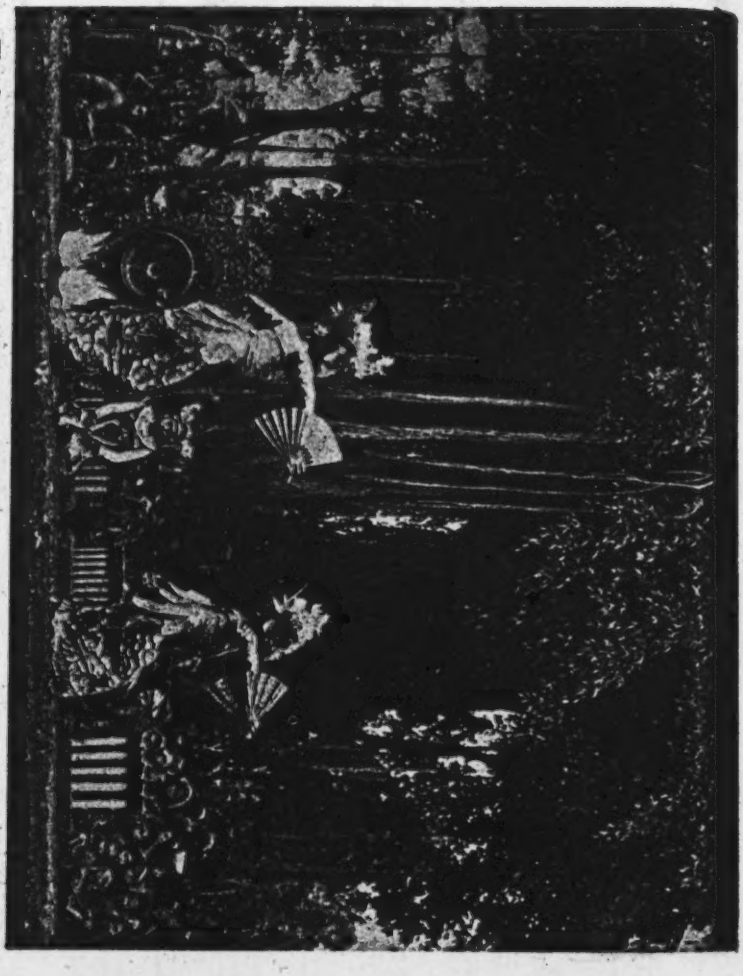

The finest exponents of the legong, archetype of the delicate and feminine dance, perform under the waringin tree in the village of Saba

[P. 406 (L)]

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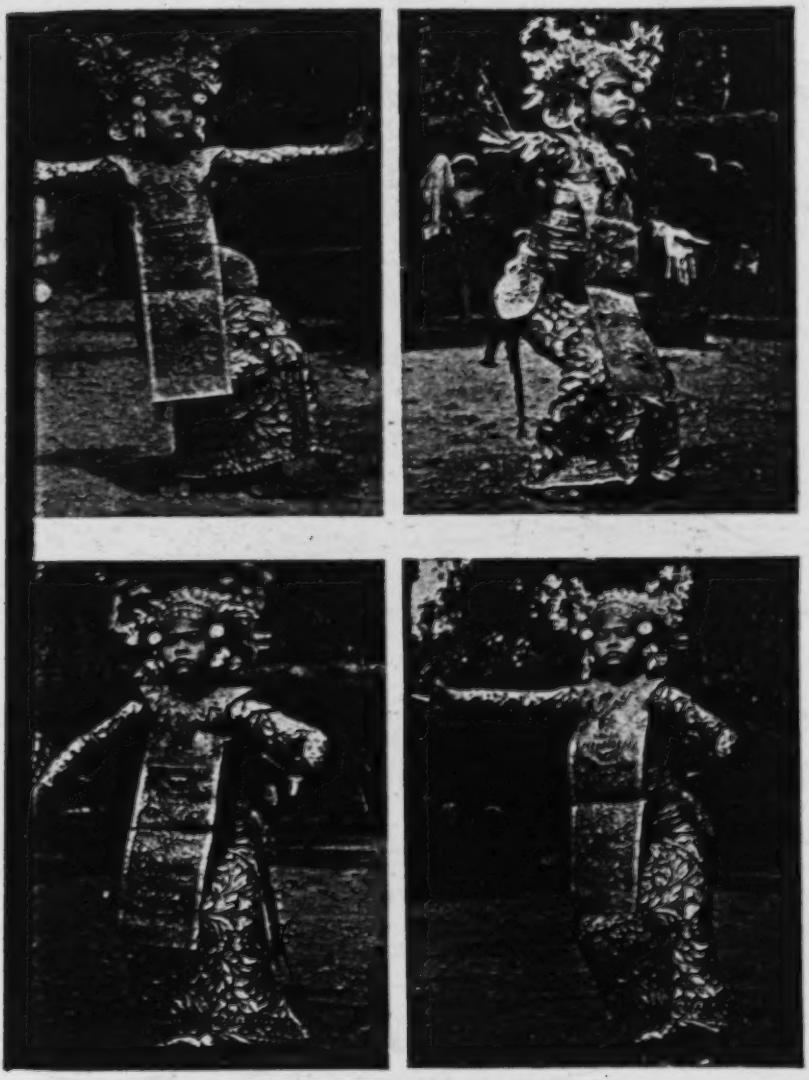

Four gestures in the legong of Saba

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The servant (*tjondong*), a definite figure in the pattern of the legong and a soloist during the introduction, is about to hand fans to the dancers

Flashing eyes and quivering fingers are important in the language of the legong

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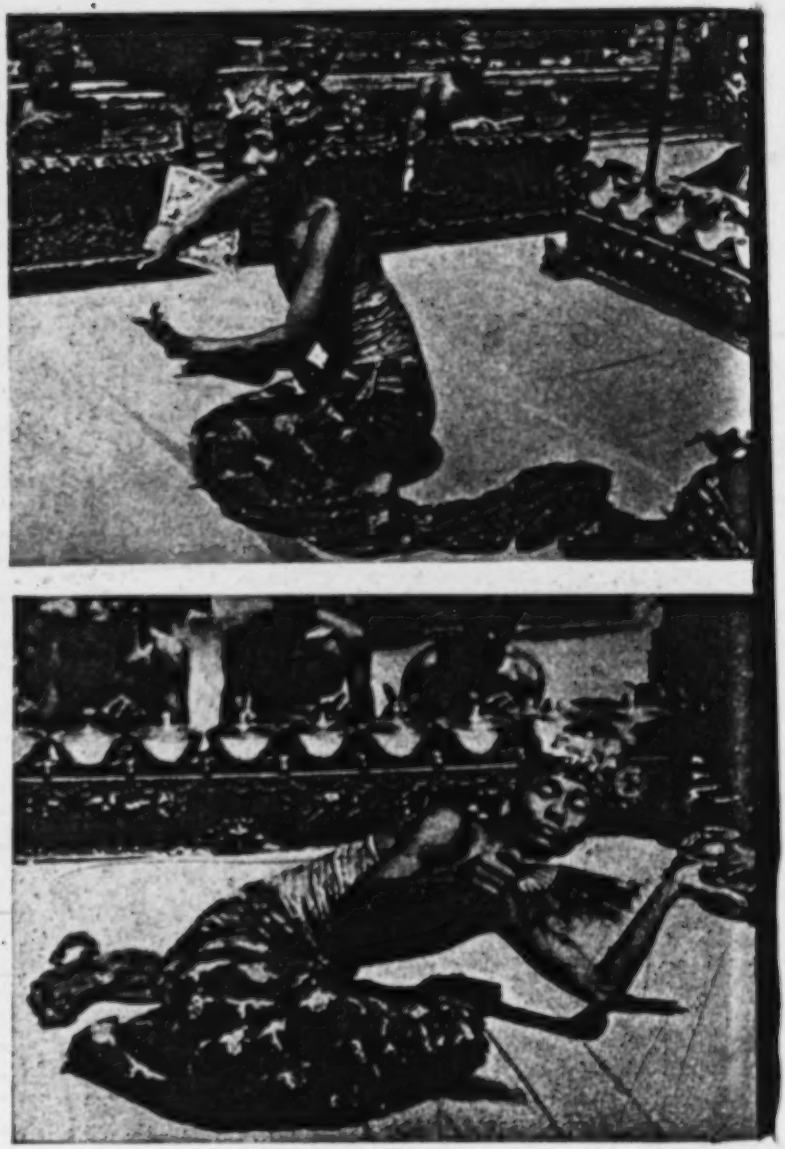

Mario: originator and finest exponent of the *kebiyar*, a sitting dance that combines the manliness of the *baris* and the delicacy of the *legong*

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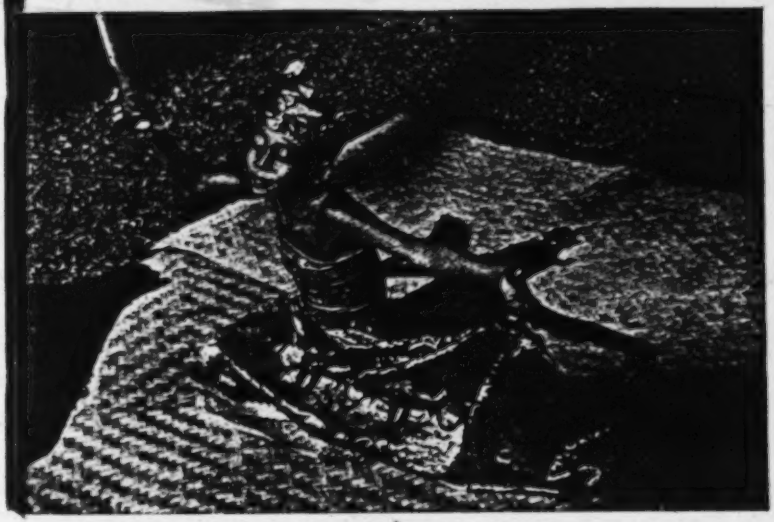

Before he was ten years old, Sampéh was already adept in the difficult and sophisticated kebiyar

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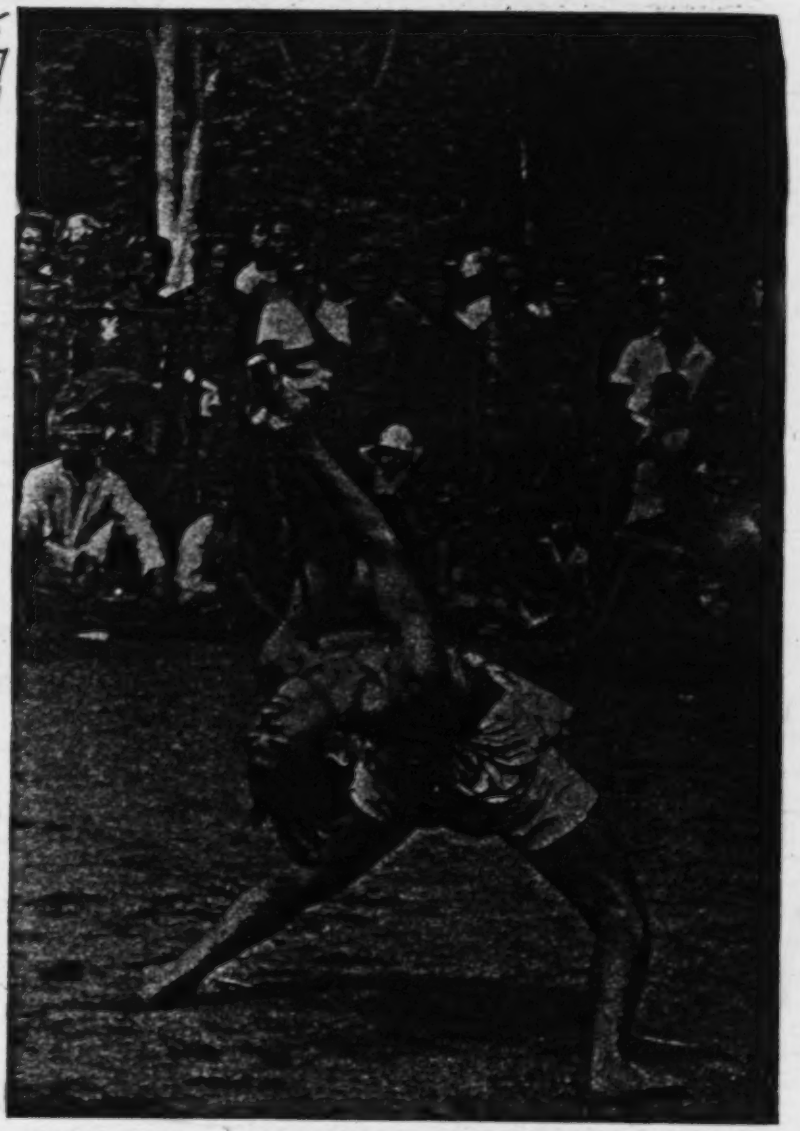

The kris in the hands of the dancer in trance is turned against him by the magic of Rangda

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fully preserved and reverently handed down by the people for perhaps five hundred to a thousand years.

The palm-leaf instruction books are referred to chiefly while a young priest is studying for office. As a rule by the time he is ready to officiate the order of the ritual and the prayers have become so familiar to him that he needs no book of instructions. Similarly, the array of offerings is taken care of by the women, special offering experts, who seem to be able to carry in their heads the thousands upon thousands of minutiae without which the offerings would not be complete, and in their finger tips, the necessary twist of the knife to cut out this or that intricate design in the folded leaves of young palm which will form the decorative fringes, panels, streamers, and top-pieces.

As the day of the festival approaches, more and more time is required of the villagers. At the last moment, a few thousands of small cakes are to be baked. Elaborate compositions of flowers and fruits and cakes have to be built up on a banana-stalk base, each unit impaled on a bamboo skewer to hold it in its place in the formal design of the offering. The meat offerings are the last to be got ready, lest they spoil in the heat, and these are the especial care of the men. A pig is killed, sometimes a calf, and ducks and chickens by the dozen. Intestines are pulled out and washed and refilled to make sausages. Fowls are roasted over spits. A great chopping and hashing goes on feverishly for many hours, as the men mix up concoctions of vegetable, meat, and blood to form around the little skewers for roasting and to serve up in mounds to accompany the rice. A special attention is to cut up the fat of the pig into flowers, impale these and fix them in a central support, to form a bouquet of pig-fat, one of the most imposing of the ornamental offerings.[4] But in the course of all these preparations, though the tongue be hanging out for a taste of the unwonted delicacies, no one forgets that this is a feast for the gods, and that the villagers will only get their share after the gods have been served. They will receive, as it were, the leavings from the gods' table, which they call *loengsoeran*, literally, "what is asked back."

For the occasion of the festival the local players of the *gamelan* orchestra, the actors and dancers of the village often prepare a new performance. Many hours of rehearsal may go into working up a new composition, based on the old melodies and rhythms, but recreated for the festival performance. If the village boasts trained dancers, these also go through a rigorous training period before making their "opening" at the temple festival. In many cases, especially if the village has funds, neighboring troupes of dancers and actors are invited to give a performance for a small fee and a part of the feast, or again a play may be arranged with the local talent augmented by one or two famous players, a clown or a player of a princely role, who comes from a distant village and adds to

[4] See Bateson and Mead, 1942, p. 115, Plate 30, Nos. 3, 4.

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Wong roewa soetji roewa soetji
Sarwa kemo kara tisa
Jatija jadian dija misandi
Sarwa manian para soetji.

This was followed by the offering of the *tjaratan*, symbolizing the washing of the gods' hands after eating, with the formula:

Wong serija mawantoe soeka mawantoe.

and the pouring out of palm-wine and rice-wine, with the prayer:

Pakoeloen Padoeka Betara katoeran Padoeka
Betara sarining sadjeng sari (berem),
Sadjeng djamboel (toeak) moeang sadjeng
rateng (arak).
Wong joerastoe ja nama soewaha.

The priest and his assistants lifted their hands to their foreheads three times, in a reverence to Betara Gangga. (*mepamit* — asking permission to depart.)

The water which they had brought was then poured through the spout of the shrine, to fill the bowl and the drinking-vessel.

Turning about now — for all this time they had had their backs to them — the priest and his assistants faced the gods still held upon the heads of their bearers. Lifting first one and then the other of the *bebaktan*, the priest wafted their essence towards the gods, and again they raised their hands in reverence, this time to the gods of Nagasari.

This was an occasion on which it was not at all clear that the little figures were being given a symbolic bath and toilet, for the priest performed the ceremony in such a way that all the attentions and perquisites seemed to be offered to Betara Gangga, God of Water.

Now the procession of the gods, with all their regalia, wound its way back across the fields to the temple, again accompanied by singing and music. Arrived at the temple, they did not enter the gates, but stopped in the space without (*djaban poera*) for a ceremony known as *pemendak*, the reception of the gods.

Dance of reception (Méndèt, pemendak)

Married women and girls who had taken part in the procession gathered at one end of the open space, to dance before the gods the *méndèt*, bearing the offerings and regalia. They were dressed not in the stylized costumes of professional dancers, but in the formal temple dress, bound from breast to hips in a tight band of brocade, their breasts covered with a scarf, their hair arranged in a formal coiffure with many flowers, and their skirts drawn down to pass between their ankles in a long trailing train, displaying the brilliant color of the underskirt as lining.

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*796 [535] [782] They danced in pairs, the first two carrying the brazier and the *tjanang rébong* in their right hands, their left arms slowly lifted and extended in the traditional figurations. They advanced, circling and passing each other, until they reached the feet of the gods standing there, and the priest gently wafted the essence of their gifts towards them. Then another pair advanced, and another, dancing with the water-bowl and jar (*penastan, tjaratan*), with an offering of rice and one of meat (*rajoenan, oelam*), with an offering of cake and one of betel (*sanganan, tjanang*), and finally with the palm-wine and rice-wine mixed with *arak*.

[776] The offering of such a series is called *taboeh*, in regard to the dancing and the music — one piece, one playing. This, the priest said, was to the gods of Nagasari, male and female. When it was done, the women began to dance again, bearing the same regalia but a new set of offerings, this time for the *gendaroewa* in the *Pangyoengan* (temporary shrine). This second *taboeh* was a different dancing figure, corresponding to a different melody played by the *gamelan*.

*796 793 782 [778] *Reception of the gods (Pemendak)*

8:00 p. m. With the gods still held upon the heads of their bearers, the offerings and instruments again set down upon the mat before them, the priest seated himself and went through once more the dedication of himself, of his bell, and the sprinkling of the offerings with the water just fetched from the "spring." With this he uttered the prayer noted above (page 24). He continued:

[539]

Balinese Version

Wong djang dji goeda ja nama
Wong tjang tjemana ja nama
Wong serija mawantoe soeka mawantoe.

Sanskrit[16]

oṃ śaṃ[17] jīvaśuddhāya namaḥ
oṃ śaṃ śamanīya namaḥ
oṃ śreyo bhavatu
oṃ sukhaṃ bhavatu[18]

English

Om, blessing homage to him who lives purely[19]
Om, blessing, O thou who art to be appeased, obeisance.
Om, may there be prosperity,
Om, may there be happiness.

[16] Sanskrit edited, translated and annotated by Dr. Andrew Yarrow.
[17] By emendation. The Balinese version *djang* would probably represent Sanskrit *yaṃ*.
[18] This line substituted for "*oṃ ... śivagrīvāya namaḥ*", translated "Om, ... homage to him of the beneficent neck (Śiva, or: to Śiva's neck).
[19] i. e., Śiva.

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Méndét (or *gabor*), dance with offerings. Note the *gegulock* puppet in the waistband.

[opp. p. 48]

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PLATE VI

*796
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Légong, a classical dance offered as part of the celebration

[opp. p. 49]

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to take the form first of dancing (*méndèt; gabor*), with the offerings and regalia, then of various contests (*miasa; mebiasa*) for the gods' diversion.

Ten sets of *banten péndètan* offerings had been prepared to be offered with dancing. The *gamelan* began to play the *gabor* music, and the women and girls danced out from a corner of the temple court, in pairs, each bearing a smoking brazier, a water-vessel, or an offering. They circled and passed each other, approaching and avoiding, their shoulders stiff, their arms extended in slow graceful evolutions, wiggling their hips in the tight binding, and tossing their trains between their ankles with an adept turn of the foot. Many of the people who had been loitering without now came into the court to watch this offering of dancing. The dancers wove in and out across the court, and came to rest, two by two, before the shrine of Soerja. When the first set had danced, the priest joined them, and wafted the essence of their offerings, held high in their two hands, towards the God of the Sun.

The first *taboeh* (see page 49) was danced and offered to Betara Soerja. Then they began to dance again, with a fresh set of offerings, this time wafted towards the same shrine, but dedicated to Betara Siwa. The third and the fourth *taboehs* were in honor of the Goenoeng Agoeng (Mountain), and the Goenoeng Batoer (Mountain), at their shrine; then to the gods of Nagasari. The sixth set was danced as usual, but when it was over the priest and the dancers did not approach any of the shrines — they crouched upon the ground in the center of the court, offering to Saptapetala (Pertiwi, Goddess of Earth).

It is possible, and often done, to dance a *taboeh* to each of the shrines in the temple individually. But on this evening the people had decided to honor the lesser gods in a bunch, and so they danced one *taboeh* to be offered to *betara sami* (all the gods — here including Ramboet Sedana, Brahma, Sedahan Pengenter, Ramboet Sawi, Tengaan Segara in the *Mendjangan Seloeang* shrine, and Ratoe Ngeroerah, who have shrines in the temple court, and the two *Pengapit Lawang* whose shrines stand without the gate).

The eighth *taboeh* danced was offered at the *Pengaroeman* in honor of the *widiadara-widiadari* who were seated there in the persons of the *gegaloeh*. Neither were the *gendaroewa* forgotten, for the last two dance figures were offered to the *Panggoengan* inside the court, and to the one outside. The priest led the dancers in a line out through the gate, that they might waft their gifts towards the demons seated without. When they had sprinkled and spilled from their containers, the holy water in the bowl was poured out upon the ground.

As a recompense for their dancing, the women and girls now received the "remains" (*loengsoeran*) of the *péndètan* offerings, rice, peanuts, and cakes, which they ate. No other payment was made to them.

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not fight. Even the priest must obey this regulation! The cockfight is a necessary adjunct of the *odalan*, "in order that blood may be spilled on the ground" (*laboeh getih*), but it is also a fascinating sport for the men. Not only the immediate members of the *bandjar* attend, but cock-fanciers and habitual gamblers from neighboring villages are attracted. They swell the crowd and make the occasion a gayer one. Squatting on their haunches, exciting their cocks, taking hold of and testing the strength of possible opponents for their entries, making up matches, offering bets, and watching with bated breath the all too rapid playing out of the contests, the men passed the hours until sundown. When there was no longer sufficient light, they wended their way home again, weary but happy. Most of them — for this is not a village of wealthy people — had won or lost amounts ranging from ten cents to about five guilders.

9:00 p. m. Refreshment and dancing (*Méndèt*): On this day, it is customary to bring the individual gift offerings (*matoeran*) to the gods. Not all of the temple members had found time to prepare and to bring their gifts on the day of the *odalan*. They are under no compulsion to bring them on a certain day, any day will do except the *paing odalan*, the second day following the *odalan*. And so on this evening there was again to be seen a stream of women and young girls passing in and out of the temple gate bearing offerings.

That night, the orchestra players and the women who dance *méndèt* assembled in the temple about nine o'clock. It began to rain. The people huddled under the roofs of the various *balés*, waiting for the rain to stop. But it did not stop, and soon the earthen floor of the temple court was turned into one big puddle of muddy water. About eleven, they decided that it was no use to wait any longer, and they gave up the idea of performing the dance.

Offerings (*Péndètan*): The *péndètan* offerings were accordingly set out upon a stand, the various sets intended for each shrine, and the whole lot offered at one time to "all the gods" (*betara sami*). Only the priest, and a detachment of men from the *bandjar* whose turn it was to guard (*mekemit*) the temple, remained through this night, and everyone else went home.

Second Day (Paing odalan)

a. m. Awakening; dressing the gods; fresh offerings (*Tetangi*; *ngiasin betara*; *penganjaran*): The next day was much like the last. The same rituals were performed, the same fresh offerings prepared. The chief difference was that all the members did not have to come for the sharing of offerings, and that there was no bringing of individual gifts to the gods. The people say that they do not bring gifts because the gods have gone

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for a walk (*betara melantjaran*), are not there to receive them. They say that to bring gifts on this day is not actually prohibited, but not customary (*ten biasa*). In a case of necessity, as for instance if a woman had been unclean (*sebel*) following the death of a relative for a period ending only the day after the *odalan*, and expected to be again unclean, because menstruating, on the next day, she might bring her offering on this day — but only in the evening, when the gods are supposed to have returned from their promenade.

p. m. Cockfight (*Metadjèn*): In the afternoon another cockfight was held. The weather was fine, and the occasion a particularly gay one. More than thirty vendors had brought their little tables of refreshments and set them on the outskirts of the crowd. Inside the temple only the old priest and his wife were on guard. A few children played about among the shrines, and some little boys took this opportunity — while the regular players were absent — of banging away upon the instruments of the orchstra.

9:00 p. m. Refreshments and dancing (*Méndèt*): At nine o'clock the dancers of the *méndèt* knelt to make their reverence and to receive holy water. The orchestra played, and they began their series of dance-figures, this time spreading out the offering to the gods in the different shrines to the fullest possible extent. All the lesser gods whose offerings had been grouped together on the night of the *odalan* (see page 53) this time were honored individually, each with one of the dances in the series. They danced twenty *taboeh*, not forgetting even the two little shrines on either side of the gate (*Pengapit Lawang*) and the shrines of Melanting and Gelogor out in the fields on the outskirts of the temple. For these outlying shrines the dancing was done before the temple, and essence of the offerings wafted to them from there (*njawang* — to offer from a distance).

12:00 m. The dancing lasted three hours. At midnight it was finished. Then everyone went home, leaving the priest and the picked watchmen to guard the temple.

Third day (Njimpen)

a. m. Awakening; dressing the gods; fresh offerings (*Tetangi*; *ngiasin betara*; *penganjaran*): Early in the morning, after the usual first ceremonies, the *pengajah* were all called to the temple again, for the offerings to be prepared this day were greater. The fine for non-attendance was ten *képèngs*. The *petadjoeh* was very busy making up his accounts, checking off in the squares marked on his palm leaves for each household whatever was still short in their contributions. This was their last chance to bring their contributions up to the required amount. If they did not bring them today, the value of the lacking supplies would be reckoned in money, and they would be fined double (*nikel*) the amount. All the

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fines (*dosa*) for whatever sort of nonconformance to the rules during the festival would be payable at a meeting of the *bandjar* following the "putting away of the gods."

The women set to work to make a fresh *lis*, a new *tjanang rébong*, and all the complete set for the "putting away" offerings (*banten penjimpen*): *sesantoen, daksina, soetji, djapit 5, penganjaran, pengoelapan-pengambéan* (these used at the *odalan*, but the following not used there), *djaoeman 5, tebasan sidakarja 5, soejoek*. This kept the women busy till after one o'clock.

p. m. Dance (*Légong*): In the afternoon more offerings were brought as gifts, and more promises to the gods fulfilled. A *légong* performance, a dance by three little girls, professionally trained, was scheduled for the early evening. Performances such as this, or of plays (*Ardja, Topèng, Tjalonarang*, etc.) often occur as part of the *odalan* festivities. They may take place on any one of the days of the gods' visit. If the *bandjar* is rich, or if they count among their members professional dancers and actors, the performance may be hired or contributed as part of the temple dues. Or an individual may have promised to engage the players for a performance at a coming *odalan*, just as any other offering is promised to the gods if they will accede to a request.

A *sesantoen* offering was given by temple members to the visiting orchestra accompanying the dancers. Another *sesantoen* was offered to the head-dresses of the three little dancers. Several hundred people assembled to watch the performance, given in the space outside the temple.

Procession to the bath (*Ke bédji*): On this day a procession went to fetch water at the bathing place, but the gods were not taken along. The people carried the *bebaktan*, an offering of *adjoeman poetih koening*, this time all in honor of Betara Gangga alone. The priest prayed:

Pakoeloen Padoeka Betara Ratoe Betara Gangga, kénak Padoeka Betara amitja tirta kambenaloe, oepetin nira Betara Gangga, winadahan koendi manik.

Lord God Prince Betara Gangga, be pleased Lord God to vouchsafe us holy water *kambenaloe*, as the gift of Betara Gangga, in the jeweled pot as container.

Then he offered the toilet-tray to Betara Gangga, with the formula:

Wong djang dji soeda ja nama,
Wong tjang tjemana ja nama nama
Wong serija mawantoe soeka mawantoe.

(see page 40)

He poured the water through the spout of the shrine into the containers, and dedicated the offerings, saying:

Pakoeloen padoeka Betara Ratoe Betara Gangga, kénak Padoeka Betara ngaksi sarining boerat wangi lenga wangi, joenan apetik sari.

Wong joerastoe ja nama soewaha.

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the gate as if daring the presence within the temple to come out and join in the affray.

When this part of the ritual, the circumambulation of the outer square, was at an end, the masked figures and their followers passed up the steps again and through the gate into the inner court, where the entranced were sprinkled with holy water and smoked with the incense brazier to bring them out of trance, and their krisses were taken from them. Sometimes the entranced struggle violently when disarmed. One of the most conspicuous performers on this occasion, a man who had dressed himself in the ceremonial cloth, *poléng* (black and white check in large squares) for both his upper scarf (*sapoet*) and his headcloth (*oedeng*), who had been especially exhibitionistic in his self stabbing and in his prancing about with wide legged steps and wide eyed facial expressions, broke into tears and wept bitterly when his kris was taken from him. It happened that at this time the *méndét* dance (a dance with offerings, usually performed by women) was in order in the ritual. Our friend with the checked garb stood there a moment weeping, his hands extended—and then he began dancing the *méndét* with the women.

This sort of behavior is quite common in the temple festivals of smaller village groups, and it is in practise very much easier and very much more rewarding to study behavior sequences in smaller settings, where the individuals who perform various parts may be followed and identified, preferably where the people are known to the observer as individuals, so that something of their life history and their circumstances is either known or may be readily collected afterward.

Sindoe, April 1937. A setting particularly well suited for this type of observation was provided in the tiny temple, Poera Dalem of Sindoe (Intaran, Badoeng District) a few hundred yards down the road from the house of Katharane Mershon, one of our group of investigators. All the participants were friends of hers, and even the introduction of two or three Europeans, armed with cameras and note books, and two trained Balinese secretaries, busily taking notes and asking every one's name and the name of every offering and bit of ritual, did not seem to affect the ethos of the ceremonial. The occasion from which I want to select certain structural details and behavior sequences for description here was a calendric festival which lasted three days, from April 26 to April 29, 1937, on the first day from five o'clock in the afternoon to 2:35 A.M., on the last day from 8:50 P.M. till 1:42 A.M. There was an absolute orgy of trance, which every one enjoyed thoroughly. A sick girl, suffering from tuberculosis, had promised the necessary extra sets of offerings to "keep" for the three days the "little

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adolescent and young married women, the loveliest of the village, ranging from twelve to twenty-five years old.*

It is 1:50 A.M. The girls take down the little gods from the shrine, hold them in the right hand, by the waist. They form in two lines, facing the Durga shrine, and libations are poured before them. The *gamelan* is playing a delicate, tinkling tune. The two lines face each other, cross and recross in the tiny court; then they dance in a circle while a woman carrying a smoking brazier dances in and out of the circle. The *gamelan* plays the climactic music (called *batel*) as if this were the moment to go in trance, but it does not happen. The old priest takes the little gods from the dancers and replaces them in the shrine.

The men continue with the order of the ritual, the ceremonial "crossing of spears" (*maloeang toembak*). Ketjig (who is possessed by a tiger) and I Poetoe go into trance and do the self stabbing before the Durga shrine. The small boys shout. Ida Tereh comes down from the platform where he has been sitting all this time; he is led forward; he steps stiffly, his eyes closed, his hands extended at his sides. They place the Rangda mask on him. He dances. He pauses. He dances again. Then someone calls for a libation. The mask is taken off him. He sits before the Durga shrine. He holds up a brazier of hot coals, puts it down, buries his face in it, puts his hands on it, rubs hands on face. He holds a leaf cup over the brazier. He takes up the brazier in both hands, raises it before the shrine. He takes a leaf cup of *arak*, circles it three times over the brazier, and spills it on the ground. Assistants pour again into the leaf cup a little *arak*—all that is left in the bottle—and he drains this off at a gulp. He puts his hands again on the brazier and to his face, three times. He turns around. He puts on his head-cloth. He gets up and walks off out of sight behind the shrine.

It is nine minutes past two. The girls take the little gods again. Moenet (one of the young married women, an excellent dancer) leads with the brazier. A stand covered with offerings has been placed in the center of the court. The priest from the Patal temple prays and pours libations. Ketjig (the tiger) is in the center of the circle of girls dancing. He prowls around the offering stand. (It is said that what he does in his tiger impersonation is to devour offerings.) As the girls dance in a circle only Ketjig and the priest are in the center.

The priest speaks to Ketjig. He pours a libation from a bottle all around the offering stand on the ground. Moenet, with the brazier, begins a wild dance, her eyes staring. This starts them all off. Simultaneously, Ketjig begins to do *ngoerek* (self stabbing) in the center. A little plump girl, Ngales, about fourteen, falls down on her knees, her legs one to each side, crying loudly and hysterically. The girls go on dancing; one by one they give a shout and fall down crying. Ketjig falls flat on the offerings on the stand, but just lies there stiff, does not devour any of them.

* They are called here *sang hyang boeng boeng*, and all have the names of flowers (*boenga* means "flower"). In other parts of Bali *sang hyang* dancers are little girls who go into trance but who must stop dancing when they reach adolescence. The *sang hyang déling* of the Kintamani area and those of Bajoeng Gedé studied by Bateson and Mead have little puppets on a string (*déling* means "puppet") and these must be "animated" before the little girls go into trance (see Plate V).

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796 [535] Moenet . . . Her dancing is impersonal yet sensuous, where the *légongs* (formal child dancers) are also impersonal but not sensuous. She uses the curves of her matured body, but, one feels, for no human purpose and bound to no human emotion. Contrast with Aijoe in Kepaon, who is a beautiful, mature woman dancing as such. Ngales comes and dances with her. Ngales contrasts strongly with Moenet's aloof, reserved, unhurried poise; although she dances well she is definitely aware of the gallery—a little bitch.

[857] [798] The children danced again with offerings. At 9:38 the little gods were taken down from the shrine by Ketjig, handed to the girls, who performed again the dance in two lines which cross, then the figure in a circle, as before. Up until two minutes past ten o'clock they continued, the orchestra playing, people shouting, "caught on a plateau of waiting" to go into trance. It was 796 786 expected that a certain Dajoe, a girl of Brahmana caste, would be the first to go into trance. She was. The notes say:

> Dajoe goes down on her knees, digging the *boeng boeng* (little god) into the ground, head down. The old priest comes and takes the *boeng boeng*. Dajoe holds her hands clasped between her knees, continues to sway . . . Dajoe is getting more excited. . . . Ketjig gives a yell, faces each and glares into her face. . . . Second girl goes down, knees pointing out, wide apart, also digs the doll into the sand, screaming and crying. Moenet dances over her. Moenet gives the impression of being a sort of presiding genius, infinitely more advanced in the mysteries which are under foot [afoot?]. . . . Ngales goes down, digs her doll *into her lap* and into the sand. Priest drags Dajoe forward, in tears.
>
> 10:10 P.M. First two in trance are now out. Moenet is still dancing around the group. She puts her arm lightly, so lightly, now around one, now around another. She weaves in and out, touches the ones on the edge, gathers them into the group. (Comment) This is the most witchlike thing I have seen in Bali, the lightness, the sense of weaving a spell, catching the neophytes in a net with cool, light, impersonal Evil, is very strong.
>
> 10:11 P.M. (Dancer) number five throws her doll down and buries her hands in the sand, arms straight in front of her and parallel, rises and sinks on her hands, crying. Priest takes her and drags her up. Third and fourth are now out of trance, sit and watch. This is the most serial trance that I have ever seen.
>
> 10:19 P.M. . . . Dajoe scatters fire all about her and falls screaming. Moenet now goes in, yelling and walking about. . . . Dajoe rocks back and forth on her knees. . . . Moenet screams on—a thin, unearthly sound, neither like the male kris dancers roar nor the shrill female kris dance scream. (Note: The *gamelan* players, to get them in trance, gave regular male kris dance shrieks —cross stimulus on a high level.)

[152] [533] Moenet on this occasion did not ever fall to the ground. At the last, the group of girls sat with the *boeng boengs* held erect on the tip of their knees. The priest sprinkled them. Ketjig took the little gods from them and put them back on the shrine. When all of the girls had given theirs up, Moenet

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A

B

A. *Metjaroe*. An offering to the bad spirits, spread on the ground in the 5 directions, N S E W and Center. The priest dedicates the offerings while the women perform *melis*, a purification.

B. The priest lifts the *tjanang ritbong* to the base of the shrine. Note the Rangda figure on the corner, her long tongue and the child. Also the *lamak* panel which hangs as an "apron" from beneath her.

C

C. Women dancing *mindit*, a dance with offerings, as the sun rises at the end of the night of *odalan*. (*Photos author.*)

[End plate 3, following p 62]

[535 291]

796 182

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883 545 the girls with their arms entwined about each other, the boys often holding hands. Such a group of boys will arrange to sit down in a place immediately behind a group of girls, so that, as the press in the audience increases, they will be huddled more and more together. It [834] would be unseemly to stroke or to caress a member of the opposite sex in public. But if a girl is so placed that she must lean against one's knee, or her shoulder touch one's shoulder and her sleepy head droop, who can find fault? In the dim light—for the stage is 831 illumined by only one or two flickering oil lamps, and the audience 883 is in almost complete obscurity—flirtation is favored. Occasionally a girl rises and leaves the audience, to be followed after a short interval by the youth who has been seated near her. One supposes that a rendezvous has been arranged for a few moments of stolen love in the surrounding darkness.

Development of Decorum

882 By the time boys and girls have fully matured, they must behave with the decorous composure proper for adults. A boy of fifteen who belonged to my household was sometimes guilty of acts of clumsiness or thoughtless irresponsibility. He broke a plate in the washing of it, or he quietly made away with half a jar of the master's jam. These misdemeanors I was apt to excuse on the grounds of his youth. But the mature men were more stern with him. "Among us," they said, "a boy of that age is considered already big. He may not behave like a small child." Very marked was the change which came in Tjamploen, a talented little dancing girl, as she passed 882 adolescence. When I first knew her she was a wiry child of eleven 857 or twelve, the points of her breasts barely beginning to show. At 535 that age she was a little devil, nervous and full of life, wriggling about, always up to some prank or mischief. A gifted mimic, she 155 would make fun of anyone or anything, and go off into hilarious laughter at her own jests, bending her slim body back and forth, slapping her thighs, or the shoulder of any person who happened to be near her. Two years later she had grown tall, and her breasts had rounded out. She was no longer eligible to dance in the group of three little *lègong* dancers of her village, although it was to a large extent her own talent which had made these dancers famous, so that they were in demand to play at festivals in the surrounding district. Tjamploen trained a new set of six-year-old dancers for her village. Then she was engaged by various other villages within a radius of

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ten or fifteen miles to train their dancers. The fact of her growing up was forcibly impressed upon her by the change in her social function. She began to behave with dignity: to carry herself decorously, to sit down carefully with both legs to one side, not sprawling anywhere, to speak when she was spoken to, to keep upon her face an habitual expression of composure. As she learned manners, she lost a great deal of the vivid spontaneous charm of her personality. But in restraining her wild ways, she acquired a new charm, that of a demure and gracious feminine creature. When still another year had passed (which would make her about fourteen or fifteen), I saw her dance again, demonstrating before a new pupil. By this time the restraint in her bearing had become natural to her, and the change was strangely reflected in her dancing. She went through the dance in which she had so excelled as a child, without the slightest deviation from the traditional motions, postures, and step-figures which she had always used—and yet the whole flavor of the dance was different. Instead of the wiry, electric little body whose stick-like arms bent in sharp angles, accenting the beat of the music, whose fingers quivered in the classical hand positions, whose little head sat stiffly on a rigid neck, whose feet stamped out with tense exactitude the vibrant music—instead of this stylized, puppet-like figure was a woman, with rounded arms, and hands of classical perfection, on her face a blank composure almost beautiful, who moved forward sedately, or glided sideways with easy grace, her curves softening the intended angles of the postures. This smooth performance of an accomplished dancer, now grown to maturity, had a beauty of its own. But it was not *lègong* dancing as it should be. Seeing it, one could not help agreeing with the Balinese, who say that only children can dance *lègong*. For the very grace and womanliness of a bigger girl infuse a disturbing element into the dance, which is in its essence sexless, impersonal, acute, and pure in its stylization.

Tjamploen still laughs, and makes jokes, and her eyes snap with merriment. But her rôle has changed from that of a talented child to that of an unwed maiden, whose behavior shows modesty and restraint, for those are the qualities which will attract a desirable husband.

Etiquette in Speech, Posture, and Manners

I have tried to give a suggestion of the strict order in the behavior of the Balinese people, and how this order is dictated by their

[100 cont.]

793 at the same time is charged with offering the sacrifices in the temple. The klian, too, is a kind of spiritual leader; he is in charge of the care of the temple and is the leader in religious ceremonies.

624 Scattered villages are divided into bandjar, or parishes; in each there is a special local functionary, the klian bandjar or klian tinggi.

For administration and financial management there is a penjarikan-dèsa, the secretary-treasurer of the village; sometimes the klian has this office, but sometimes it is delegated to someone else, or, in the chief villages, to the pambekel gedé.

In most of these villages there is also a klian tempèk or klian troena, who calls upon the troena, or young members, to carry out the tasks they have to do.

Finally, in nearly every large dèsa there is also a sedahan temboekoe, "water bailiff," who is in charge of the principal aqueducts and who collects the taxes.

623 In some villages of this type there is a kind of village council composed of prominent soedra who act as counsellors and arbitrators to the klian and the penjarikan.

621 [101] Duties of the Inhabitants. With some exceptions, all adult, male inhabitants are obliged to carry out certain duties in the service of the village, such as keeping the roads in order, manning the watch posts, and taking part in offering sacrifices in the temple. Each in turn acts as messenger for the klian.

883 The youths (troena), in addition, are obliged to do spe-
533 cial services, such as playing the gamelang in the temple [illus-
535 tration appears here], performing dances, etc. The young girls, too, have similar duties, such as performing round dances. Later on they become members of the temple choir, accompanied by the gamelang.

461 Those exempt from dèsa service are, among others, the
564 members of the highest caste, some also of the second and third caste, and the perbali (a class between the third caste and the soedra in rank, the propertied middle class) and young married people during the first year of marriage.

Melanesians OK2
Toradja 0611

Java OE1
Sumatra OD1
Makassar OG6
Bali OF7
Batak OD5

J [428 cont.]
I
535 Government lands the use of the covering for the mouth is obligatory, but not in the Principalities.

Bl Public or professional dancing girls like those on Java are also
S found in Palembang, where they are called pelandoek (actually,
535 "chevrotain"); among the Makassarese and Buginese, where they are known as padjogé; and on Bali, where they are called djogèd. The two last names are related to the Javanese word
MK mentioned above, andjogèd. Although the Buginese bissoe
535 still execute a kind of dance during their performances, never-
756 theless a direct connection between these shamans and the padjogé is no longer apparent, at least at present.

Bt Among the Toba Batak, besides the ordinary sibaso [429] or
756 shamans, there are also sibaso marèndé-èndé; among them the
736 spirits are not called down to deliver oracles concerning sickness,
535 etc., but rather the intention is to show the dances inspired by the spirit, during which all kinds of songs are sung (Batak, èndé, of the same form as the Malayan pantoen). This is an example of shaman dancing where the dance is actually a diversion.

I Masked Dances. The animistic or magical character of these
535 dances is to be seen quite clearly among some peoples; among others it is no longer recognizable, although it may be assumed
MI on good grounds that they once had this character.
I Throughout the world, masks originally had a close connec-
[532] tion with religious conceptions, especially with ancestor worship. This is the case among the Melanesians in particular, where, for example, on New Mecklenburg, there are enormous, beautifully carved dance-masks. On New Caledonia there are masks which are the front part of the skull of an ancestor, more or less touched up; this is perhaps the most primitive form of mask and one which shows plainly that the object of putting on masks in some cases was to give a representation of the deceased ancestors. Wooden masks are found in various parts of the archipelago. Among the
T Toradja they are called pémia, a word which means "make after
532 the model of a human being, image of a human being." They are used at the great festivals for the dead. These pémia are

Batak OD5
Celebes OC1
Moluccas OH1
Makassar OG6
Bali OF7

[119 cont.]

Bt 534 Finally, we should include a description of the Batak orchestra to the extent it differs from a Javanese orchestra. We have chosen the Batak orchestra in particular because it is assembled according to fixed rules. A complete orchestra consists of: 1. four gongs, ogung, of various sizes, played by two men; 2. nine gordang, which are beaten with sticks by two men; 3. two odup (tambourines, each played by one person with the hand); 4. the sarune, the flute; and 5. a hawar-hawar, cymbals, played by one person. The whole orchestra consists of eight persons, from which comes its name Si-radja na-uwalu. Such fixed rules are not found among all peoples, however; among most of them, only those instruments that happen to be Mo C 534 available are assembled. When there is a bonang, it is the central feature, for example, in northern Celebes and in the Moluccas. One would look in vain for regularity in their music; it is only a boring ting-tang or an ear-deafening drumming.

Song and Dance

Mo MK Bl I 536 Song and dance are linked with music on the Outer Possessions, too. As a rule dancing is not a profession for women, although there are exceptions, such as among the Makassarese and Buginese, in Palembang, and on Bali. In Palembang they are called pelandok = chevrotain, and they MK [292] wear a [120] peculiar costume, while among the Buginese and Makassarese they are called padjoge. Every native has the right to dance with the padjoge for a payment of 10, 30, or 60 pennies and is then called pangibing. The adat prohibits one MK 689 535 from walking amidst such persons when they are dancing. If a native commits such an outrage, the pangibing will stab him with a kris; if a Hollander should do it, then people shrug their shoulders at such ignorance (1).